THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XC. — No. 1175]
JUNE 23, 1926
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SPECIAL JUBILEE LAWN TENNIS NUMBER

The BYSTANDER

HEDGES AND BUTLER'S WINES
Wine Merchants by appointment to H.M. the King & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
WINE LISTS ON APPLICATION
LONDON: 153 REGENT ST., W.1

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

Ease the burden of SCHOOL FEES by means of an Educational Endowment!
WRITE FOR PARTICULARS TO THE
Scottish Widows Fund
AND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
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DRINK Apollinaris
Natural Mineral Water
Either Plain or with your Whisky.
From Grocers, Stores, Wine Merchants or The Apollinaris Co., Ltd., 4, Stratford Place, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

By Appointment to H.M. King George V
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST EXTRA QUALITY — EXTRA DRY

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THE LEADING HOTEL ON THE SEA FRONT.
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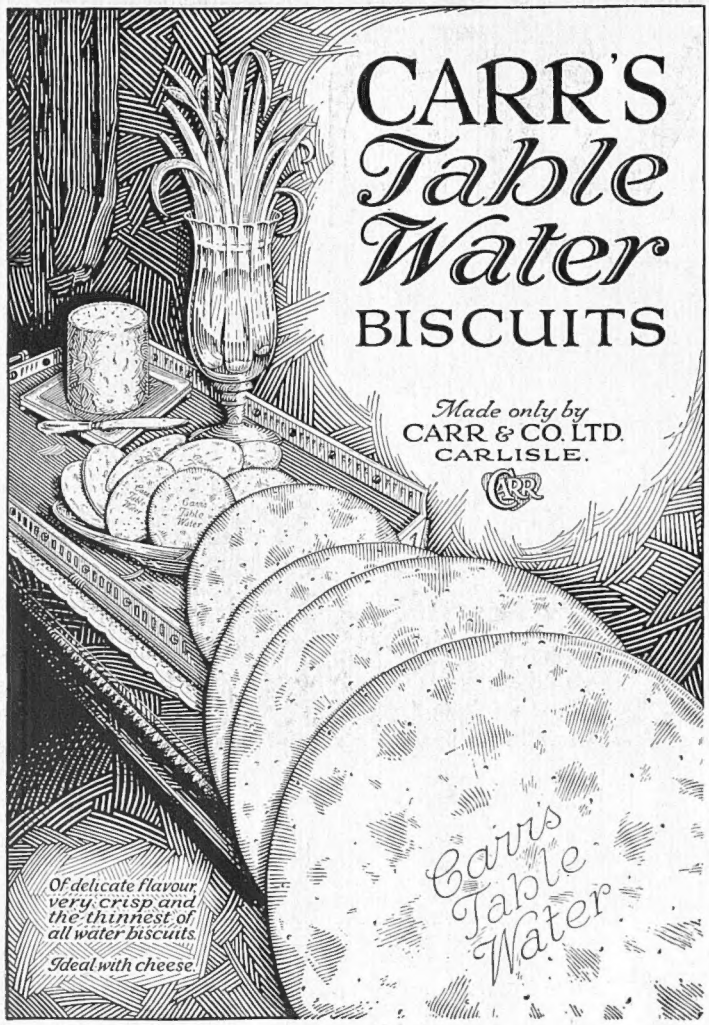

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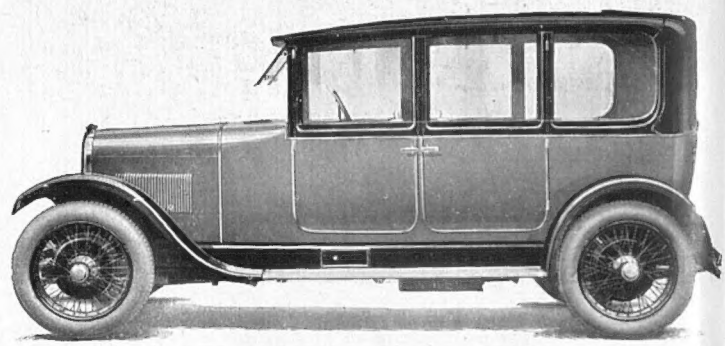

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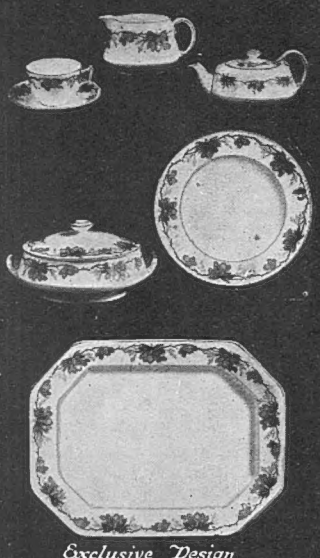

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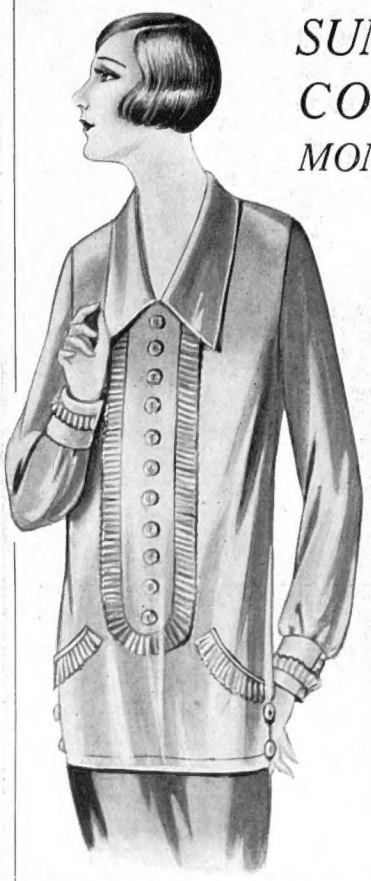

SUMMER SALE COMMENCES MONDAY, JUNE 28th

BECOMING OVER-SHIRT

No. 99 BB.

Over-shirt in good quality crepe de Chine trimmed knife-pleated frill to form panel down front, also giving pocket effect (*as sketch*). In Ivory, Beige, Sandalwood, Grey and Black. Sizes 13½, 14, 14½.

SALE PRICE

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Post Free.

Size 15, 32/-

Illustrated List of Sale Bargains Post Free.

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Gazelda is much more distinctive looking than ordinary material, and altogether more serviceable. Makes up as easily as textile. Is most attractive in appearance. In shades as gay as the summer, or as subdued as desired. Light, protective, wind-proof and rain-resisting but not air-proof. Water will not spot or spoil it.

Your Tailor can supply you.

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Razors may come
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but—the Kropp goes
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It never requires grinding

In case, black handle, 10/6; ivory handle, 18/-.

From all hairdressers, cutlers, stores, etc.

Send postcard for a copy of "Shaver's Kit," Booklet No. 107.

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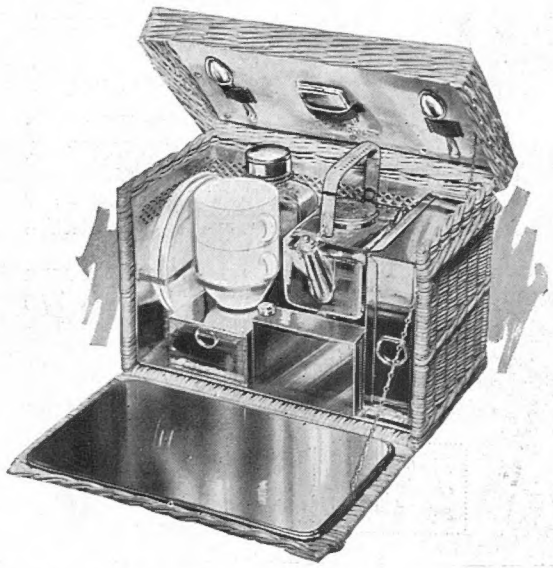
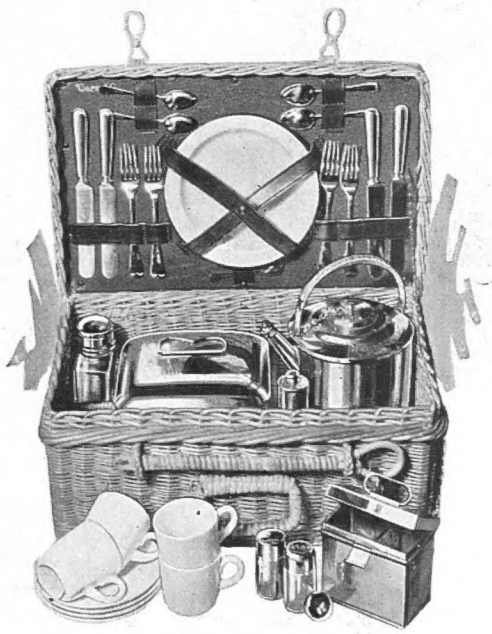
Let's Go Picnicking!

NO fear of dust in the sandwiches nor wasps in the milk, when picnic meals are served from Harrods well-equipped tea baskets. Compact and convenient, they can be tucked away in a corner of boat or motor.



TEA BASKET. Metal lined, fall front style, with nickel-plated fittings and copper kettle. Basket lid lined with ivory white composition.

For 2 persons Size 11 × 7 × 8 ins. **£4.16.0** For 4 persons Size 13 × 9 × 8 ins. **£6.6.0**



HIGH TEA BASKET. Contains screw lid kettle, china provision jar, china cups and saucers, milk bottle, tea and sugar canisters and cutlery.

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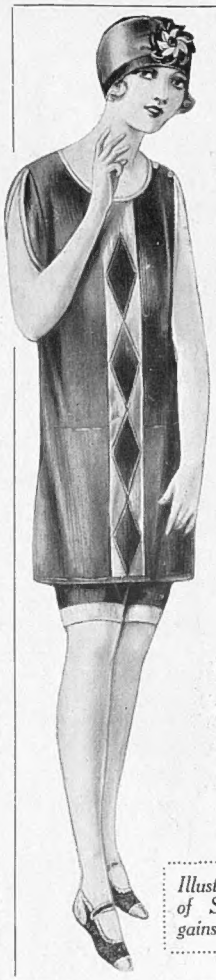

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SUMMER SALE COMMENCES

MONDAY, JUNE 28th

BATHING REQUISITES

Ladies' Underclothing Dept.

No. 508 BU.—"MERIDIAN" INTERLOCK BATHING COSTUME, with skirt attached, in Navy and Cerise, Black and White, Kingfisher and Black, or Saxe and Black. Small Ladies' Sale Price **11/6**

Ladies', Sale Price, **11/9** Post Free
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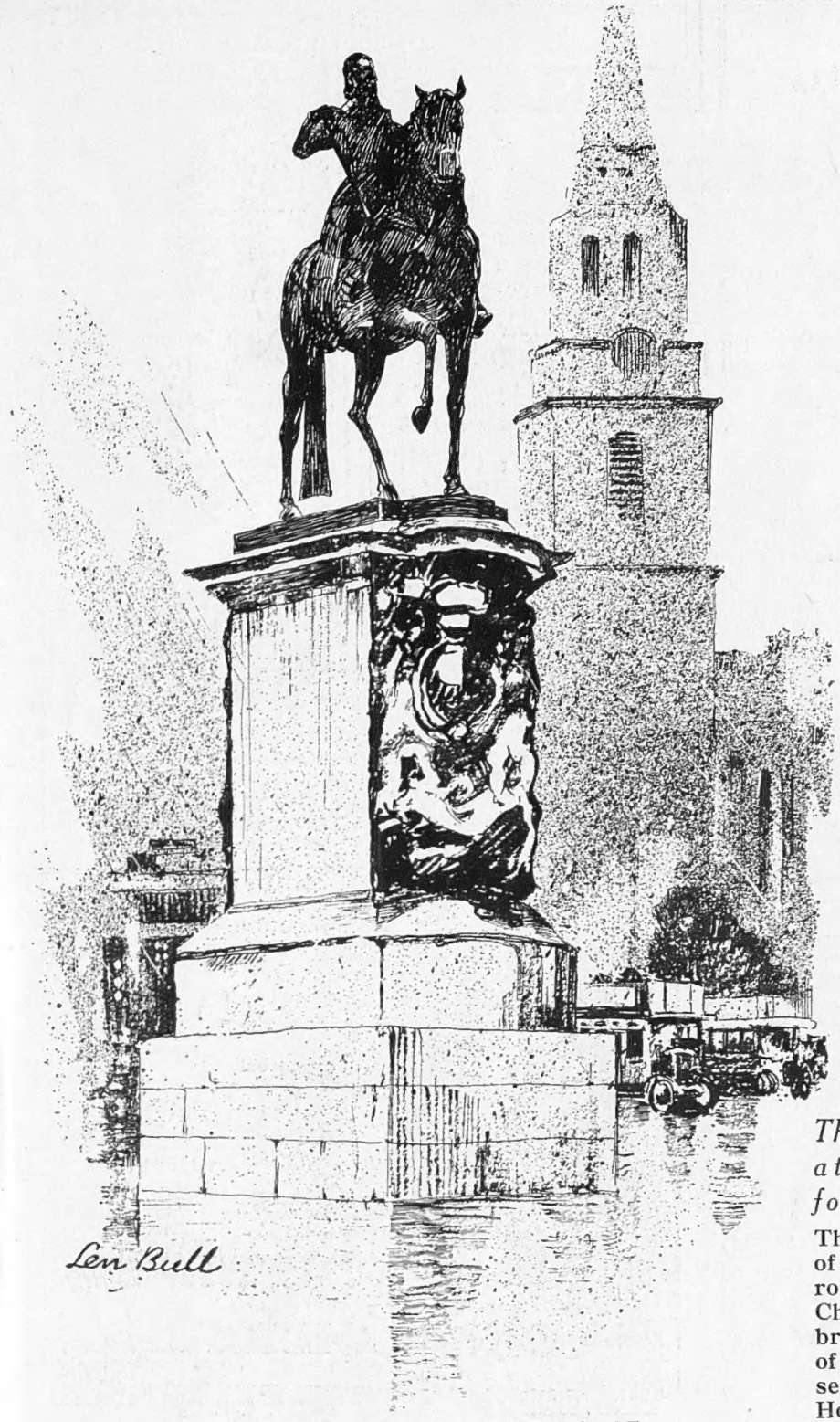

Major Reminders

Charles I., Charing Cross.

The Graceful Equestrian Statue of Charles I. at the top of Whitehall is famous for its beauty and romantic history.

The remarkable manner in which this Monument of Charles I. came to be erected reads as a romance. La Sueur made the statue when Charles was beheaded, Cromwell sold it to a brazier to be melted down. The business brain of the brazier conceived the ingenious idea of selling pieces of the statue as souvenirs. However, the statue was produced uninjured and erected on its present site in 1674.

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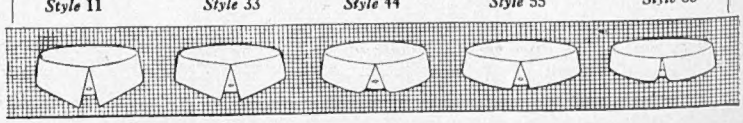
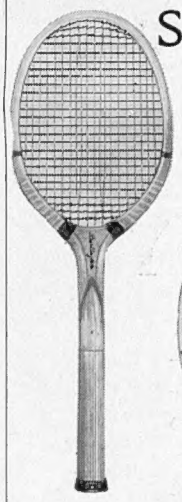


MARSHALL & SNELGROVE SPORTS HALL

LOWER GROUND FLOOR



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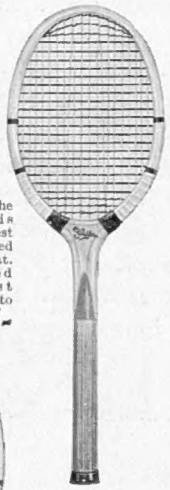

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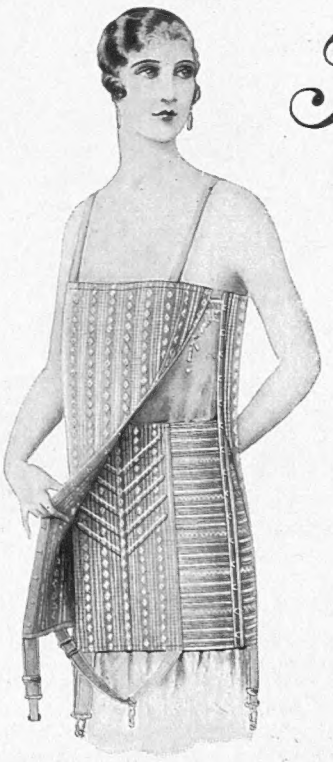

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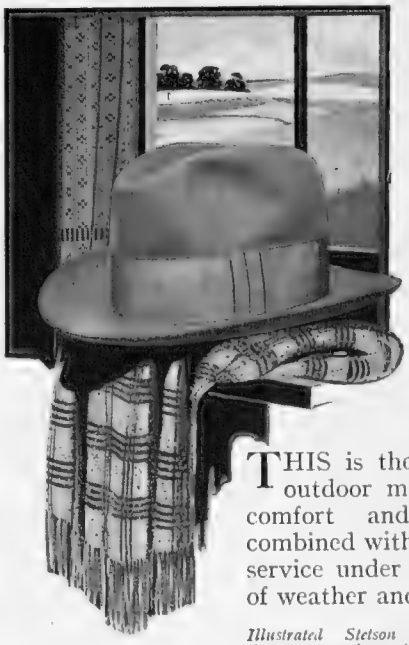

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The issue for June 26th will contain, among its many interesting features, the following:—

Half a Sovereign:
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Lords:
A splendid double page in full colour, by Mr. W. BRYCE HAMILTON, of the Historic Battleground for the Second Test Match.

Moscow: The City of The "Red" Gold
Remarkable colour drawing by Mr. GEORGE W. HARRIS, the Scenic Artist.

The Thrills of the Motor Boat Race
Colour page impression, by MR. CHARLES PEARS, R.O.I., of the International Race for the Duke of York's Trophy.

Dressing the Young Daughters of France
An Expert's Description of Paris Fashions in Children's Frocks.

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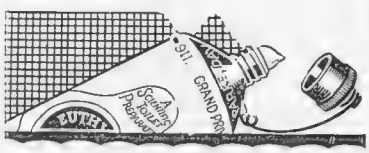

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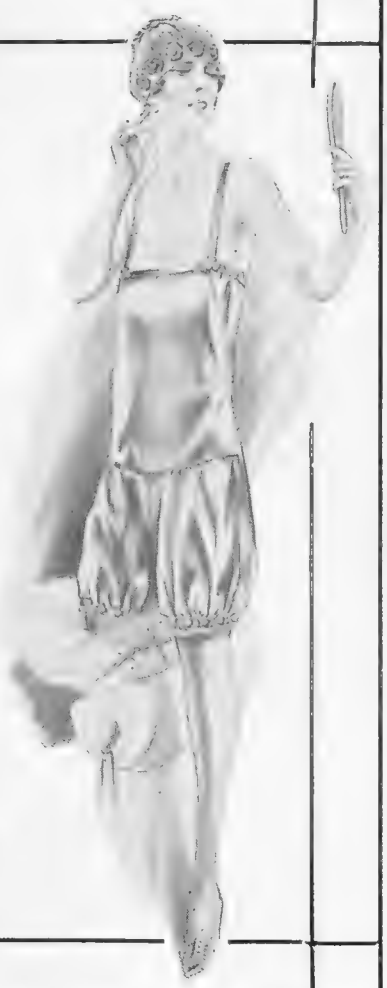

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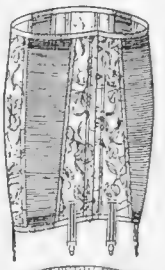

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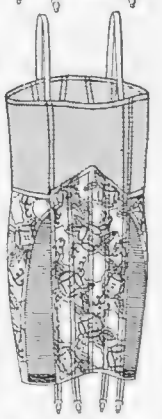

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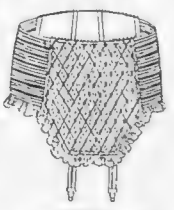

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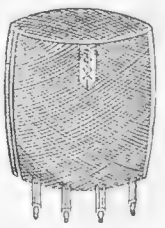

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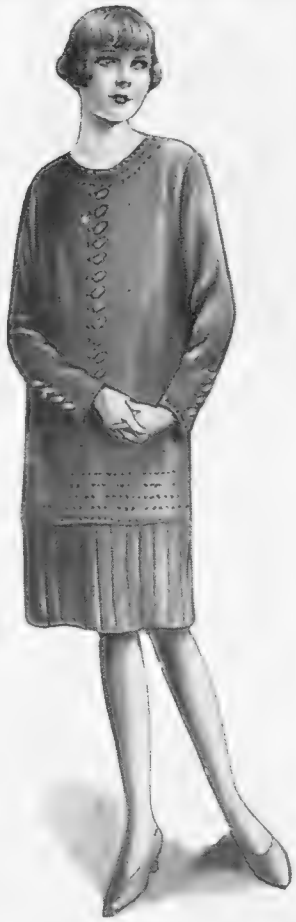

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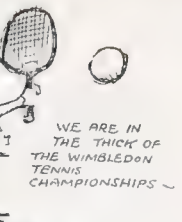
BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ALL THE WORLDS A STAGE



Many Happy Returns

TO-DAY the Prince of Wales celebrates his birthday, and the Season nears its zenith. It is good to have the Prince with us, for everyone was agreed that London's social round last summer was rather reminiscent of Hamlet without that other, and much more moody, Prince.

Picking His Pleasures

THERE is so much doing that the Heir-Apparent will be hard put to it to pick his pleasures in a manner entirely satisfactory to himself. We are in the thick of the Wimbledon Tennis Championships, which, even without little Miss Poker-Face, are sufficient entertainment to fill these summer days. The second Test Match starts, as you don't need reminding, on Saturday, and the County Polo Week opens on Monday. There is plenty doing.

The Test Matches

THE fact that neither side won the first Test Match serves to stimulate the interest in the succeeding games, and there should be extraordinary scenes at Lord's during the early days of next week. With the first game literally washed out, we have still to get to grips, and the temperature will continue to rise until boiling point is reached. We can only hope that the strength of both teams will remain unimpaired by illness and accident, and that when the best team has won, that best team will prove to be ourselves.

A Glamorous Tradition

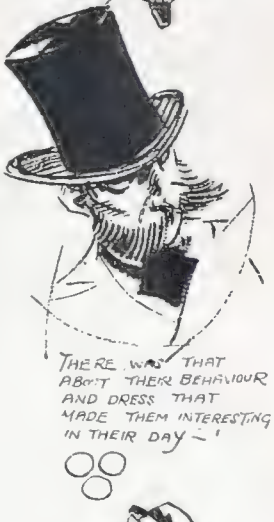
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE's book on the Romantic 90's should appeal tremendously to those young men and women who have had the good fortune to be born at a later date than some of the rest of us. I can quite understand that certain elderly gents feel that the author has not broken a great deal of new ground, but a new generation has arisen that knows not Beardsley, and to whom the Yellow Book is the emblem of a glamorous tradition. Such as these will read Mr. Le Gallienne's book with avidity.

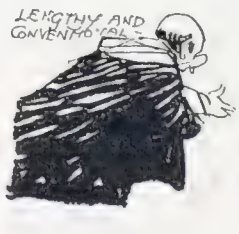
Romantic Days

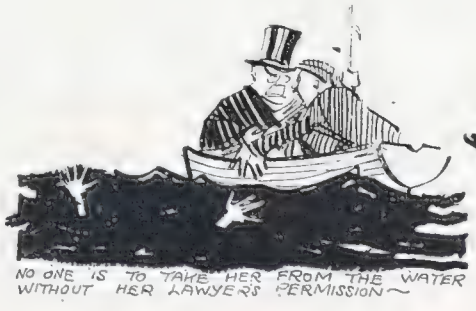
FOR it is an excellent *rechauffé* of the best of those romantic days. They were overrated, of course, just as anything that becomes a vogue is overrated in its day. I don't imagine that succeeding generations will concern themselves greatly with the works of Noel Coward, but there is no disguising the fact that they are vastly diverting at the moment. Mr. Coward is an extremely clever young man, and the stalwarts of the 90's were exceedingly clever young men. There was about their behaviour and dress just that touch of extravagance that made them interesting in their day, and still romantic in the eyes of young people who feel the urge of some new thing hot upon them.

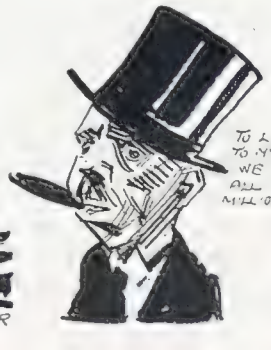
Lesser Lights

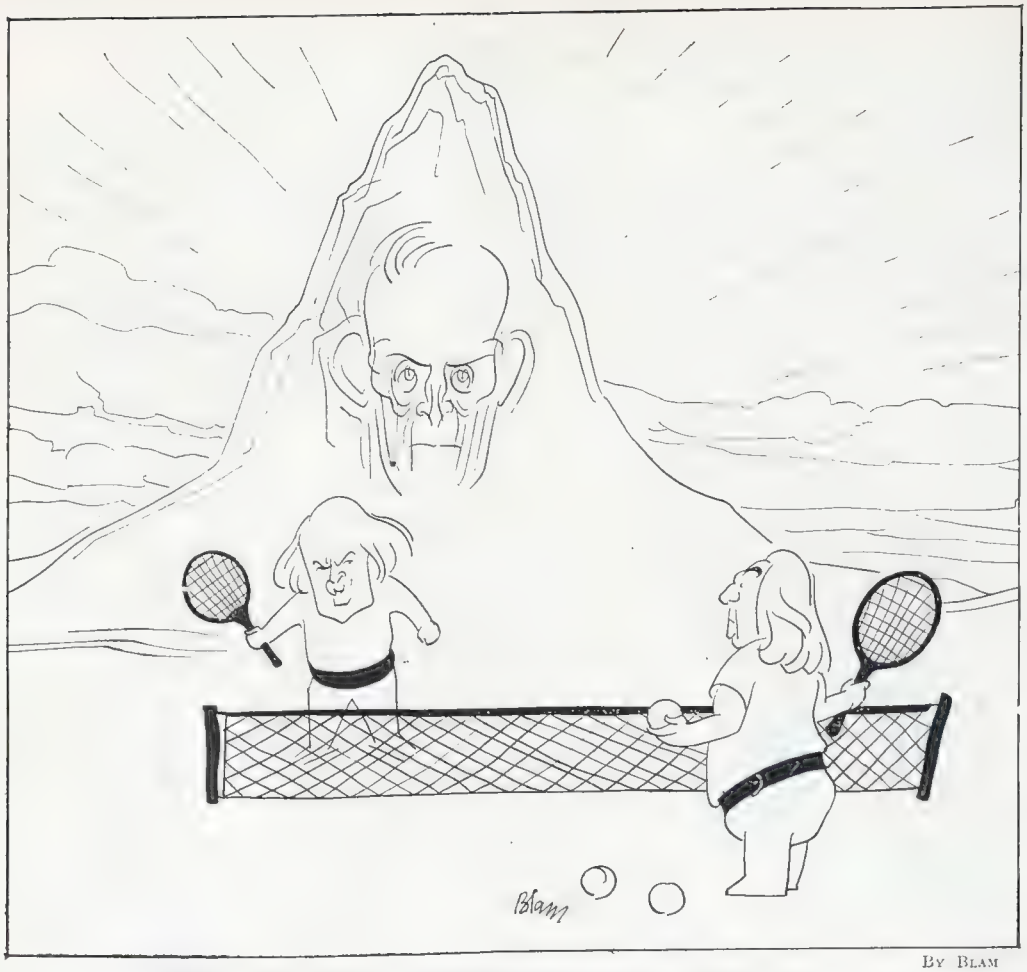
WHO was the most romantic figure of that romantic, if hectic and slightly overrated, period? I rule out Oscar Wilde, who was by way of being a lawless law unto himself. Beardsley has been so pushed down our throats in the intervening years that he has become a little hackneyed. There remain among the lesser lights Hubert Crackenthorpe, Ernest Dowson, and Lionel Johnson—and the greatest of these is Dowson, without a doubt. We have all read his *Cynara*, and we shall continue to read that delightful poem long after the fabled 90's have lost their appeal.











By Blam

THE "WIZARD'S" WIMBLEDON—*NOT* "LOVE ALL!"

("Snowden" in the background)

A Band of Brothers

THERE was about that period a *camaraderie* that seems to be rather lacking among literary folk in these more strenuous days. Johnson could speak of Dowson as "his dearest friend," and the members of the Rhymers' Club were a band of brothers indeed. Nowadays we are too absorbed in our own troubles to pay much attention to the troubles of others, and I have an uneasy feeling that if the tide of Fortune washes me against the kerb of Fleet Street, I may see very little but the backs of brother-scribes who are struggling to avoid a similar fate.

A Paltry Minority

ONE learns with something of a shock that this country can only boast 124 people with incomes exceeding £100,000. To listen to Mr. Cook one would imagine that the ground is thick with millionaires, and that if they were forced to disgorge, the remaining population would live in bloated affluence until the crack of doom. Millionaires are, in fact, in such a paltry minority that we can afford to ignore them. I suggest that we do so ignore them, and concentrate our efforts on remaining members of the happy band who enjoy a modest competency.

A Strange Brief

WHEN Miss Gertrude Ederle starts to swim the Channel she will be accompanied by her lawyer, who will see to it that she is permitted to drown if she wishes to do so. No one is to take her from the water without her lawyer's permission, and I can only hope that his legal advice will not be attended by fatal results. Myself, I should not care to be represented in the Law Courts by some honest old shellback, however conversant he might be with the tides that ebb and flow between Gris Nez and Sandgate.

The Walk to Work

I WONDER how many workers who were forced to foot it to the City during the strike have had the strength of mind to eschew trains and trams during these succeeding days? The New Health Society has been responsible for much stimulating propaganda, and its members are all in favour of the walk to work. Certainly it is a good thing to walk some of the way, and if the strike results in such a custom the strikers will not have struck in vain.

A Versatile Author

THE phenomenal success of *The Ringer* at Wyndham's Theatre continues through strike and sun and shower. This is fortunate, for everybody likes Edgar Wallace, and it is a pleasant thing to congratulate a man for whom you have a real regard, instead of having to simulate a momentary interest that you do not feel in the work of an author you do not admire. There is no fluke about *The Ringer*, and Wallace is such a terribly versatile man that I shall expect to see him following it up with a farce and a musical comedy. If you doubt me, you have probably forgotten that he wrote revues at the Hippodrome with Albert de Courville.

A Perfect Riot

LOUIS NETHERSOLE was reminding me when I met him at Wyndham's that the text of *The Ringer* is a perfect riot of underworld language, and I am rather surprised that the example set by *Is Zat So?* was not followed and a glossary printed on the programme. Here are a few examples: Detective—Busy; Warder—Screw; Spy—Nose; Policeman—Flattie; Informer—Snout; Safe—Peter.

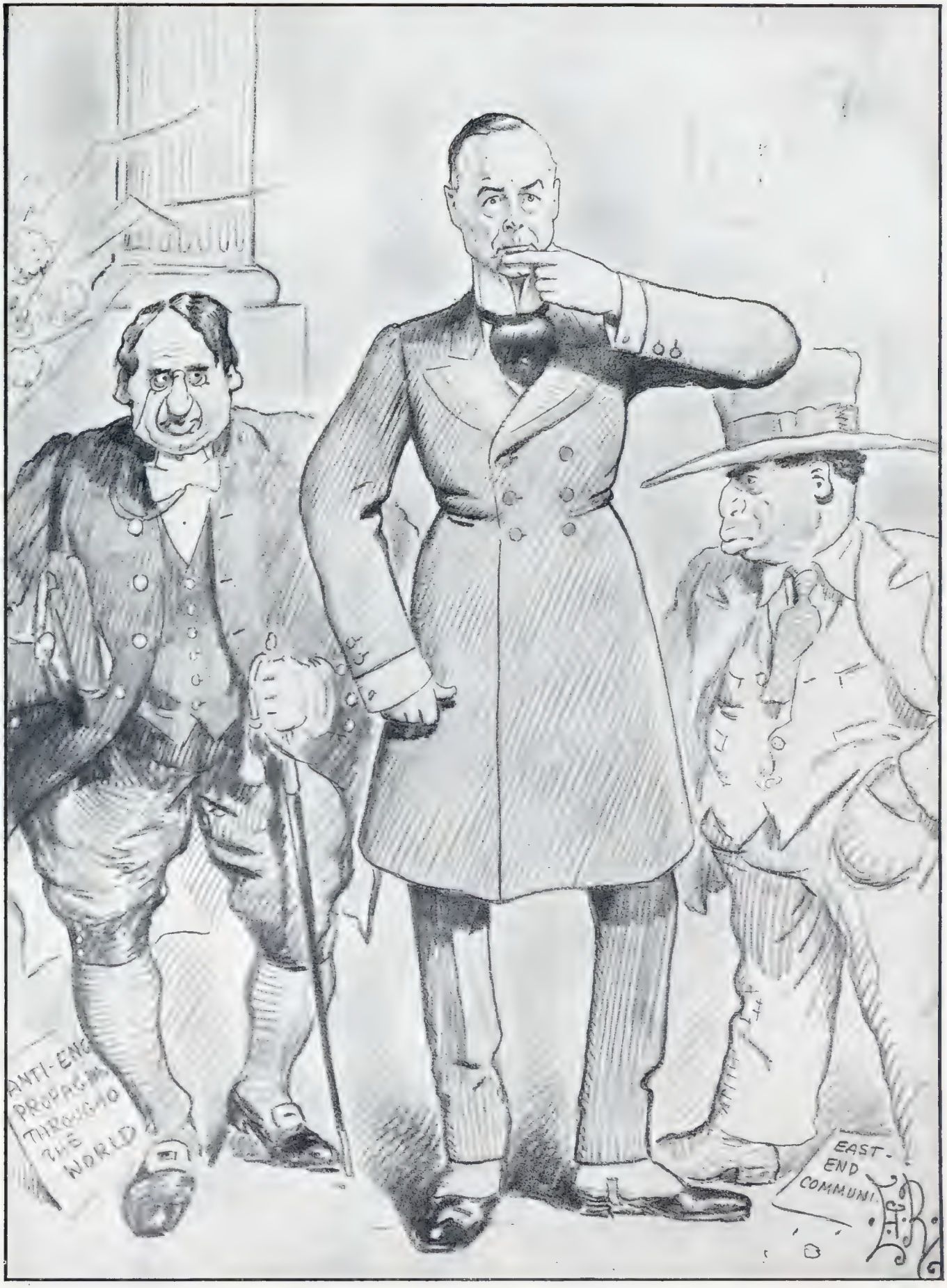
Tiresome Nothings

I AM inclined to agree with the Bishop of Birmingham that journalists may well become the preachers of the newer religion that will eventually sweep the country. Let us admit that neither eloquence nor elocution is the strong suit of modern curates, while many preachers of long standing are too apt to bore us with lengthy and conventional addresses. A recent Sunday evening in Westminster Abbey was completely spoiled for me by the tiresome nothings of a prosy provincial with nothing to say. He was probably very thrilled to find himself occupying the pulpit of the Abbey, but he certainly failed to thrill his congregation.

What a Family!

I HAVEN'T seen it mentioned that Robert Hale is now the father and the father-in-law of our two most delightful musical comedy stars. Fancy a family circle that includes Binnie Hale and Evelyn Laye as its twin stars. And what a wonderful special matinée the Hale family could run, all on its own! Failing this, a revue entitled *Hale-all-Hale* might be staged with great pecuniary advantage.

"How Happy Could I be with Neither!"



BY E. T. REED

THE HOME SECRETARY: "Well, if it comes to chucking out, I'll be hanged if I know which of the two will give me—and everybody else—the greater satisfaction! Better be on the safe side and chuck 'em both!"

G.P.U.

THE COURT OF ANNE BOLEYN

Anne Boleyn and her ladies enjoy a quiet, if anachronistic, cigarette at the Tudor Maske held last week at Great Fosters, the Hon. Gerald Montagu's Tudor house at Egham. The photograph shows Miss N. Abelson (left), Miss Inglis-Jones, Miss Lopes, Miss ffrench Davis, Miss Hussey as Anne Boleyn, Miss E. M. Abelson and Miss I. Montagu

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

G.P.U.

"GLORIANA REDIVIVA"

The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Montagu, who took the part of Queen Elizabeth at the Maske at Great Fosters.

Ascot

So the weather prophets and the pessimists were all wrong about the weather at Ascot. According to both, the torrential rain which ruined the Derby and the Test Match, held up polo and played general havoc with everything out-of-doors, was going to turn Ascot into a gathering of waterproofs and umbrellas.

But lo! instead of what the pessimists prophesied and what the optimists half-believed would happen, the sun was graciously pleased to appear and tell us it was summer after a morning that had more than a touch of relationship to what we should call a "genial day" in March.

Thus that never-ending delight, the Royal procession from the Golden Gate down the course, with the semi-State landaus each drawn by four horses, the postillions in blue and gold, and the footmen and mounted grooms in scarlet, flashed along in radiant sunshine. Every time your Bystander sees that procession he wonders if motor cars will ever take the place of these Royal horses and carriages. If they do, Ascot will lose its most picturesque feature.

Garb Feminine

The Enclosure seemed more crowded than ever, and there were moments when you were actually "scrooged," as the children say. The women's dresses were beyond the powers of mere male description. I can only tell you that gold and silver seemed to be the predominating note, and that every other woman seemed to be wearing a gorgeous cloak of the kind they usually don in the evening. Besides the gold and silver, reds and greens were all mixed up together. And as for some dresses, your ignorant informant felt convinced that the creating *couturier* had gone to the Old Testament and read up the account of Joseph's coat *after* he was thrown into the pit and the coat was all "bluggy-bluggied" by his jealous brothers.

The King and Queen, in whose carriage were the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry, were obviously pleased by the warmth of their greeting, the waving of handkerchiefs, the cheering. When the carriage stopped at the entrance to the Royal box a great roar of voices went up—a comforting sound after the recent effort to sweep constitutional government into Russian Sovietism. The Queen wore a hat—that much I can tell you—instead of the toque she usually prefers, and looked most regal in a white dress and a black cloak with white fur about her throat.

Sport and General

A WIMBLEDON ENTRY

The Duke of York and Wing-Commander Louis Greig, who entered for the Men's Doubles at the Wimbledon championships

Two American Peeresses

Two peeresses of American birth, the Duchess of Roxburghe and the Countess of Granard, were amongst the King and Queen's guests at Windsor for the Ascot Week. The Duchess of Roxburghe is a daughter of the late Mr. Ogden Goelet; Lady Granard is a daughter of Mr. Ogden Mills.

The Duchess of Roxburghe is an intimate friend of the Royal Family. Princess Mary stayed at Floors Castle last autumn, and the Prince of Wales will pay a visit there during his forthcoming visit to Scotland. The Duchess is a great gardener, and shares her husband's love of fishing.

Lord Granard is the Master of the Horse, a position he has filled in three Administrations—Liberal, Labour, and Conservative. This is a record, and was only possible because the appointment ceased to be a political one when the Labour Government entered on its brief period of office.

Lord and Lady Granard have a charming house in Paris, in the Rue de Varenne, to which they pay frequent visits. It is one of those old Parisian houses which are described as *entre cour et jardin*, but in this case it is more than *jardin*, since the grounds extend to three acres, and looking from the dining-room windows you can imagine yourself in the country.

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles spent a part of their honeymoon there on their way to the Villa Medici at Florence.

A Confusion in Titles

Amongst their Majesties' guests also were the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie, whose title is often confused with

Aitken

THEIR MAJESTIES, WITH WHOM ARE THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE HENRY, LEAVING FOR ASCOT

Topical

THE ROYAL CARRIAGE DRIVING UP THE MILE

PRINCESS MARY IN THE ROYAL PROCESSION

Central News

that of the Earl of Mar. And the confusion has been going on for the past four hundred years—only a hundred years ago it used to be worse.

There was an Earl of Mar in Scotland before the Norman Conquest of the present strike-ridden England. The present holder of that title is the thirty-third earl. He is ninety, a widower, and lives entirely at a charming villa at Monte Carlo, the Villa Indiana. His only son and heir is Lord Garioch, a title which for some unknown reason is pronounced "Gherrie."

An ancestor of Lord Mar and Kellie assumed the title of Earl of Mar as heir of a Countess of Mar in the fifteenth century. He and his son held it for nineteen years, and then the latter was dispossessed at what was called an Assize of Error. A hundred years or so later their descendant was created Earl of Mar—a curious circumstance, seeing that the ancient earldom of the same name still existed. A junior member of the family was created Earl of Kellie in the reign of James I. This title was inherited in 1835, as next-of-kin, by the ninth Earl of Mar, an officer in the Guards who had distinguished himself at Waterloo.

This is an interesting point in the creation of peerages—two of the same name running on for nearly three hundred years.

Another curious point in the second Mar earldom is that its second holder, who was Ambassador to England from James VI at the time of the death of Queen Elizabeth, was created Lord Cardross, with the right to assign the barony to "whomsoever he might elect." He chose his second son, who became Earl of Buchan, and Cardross ever since has been the courtesy title of the heirs to that earldom.

Things Were Very Different Then

CAN you imagine the sensation, not only at Ascot, but all over the country, if anything belonging to one of the Royal Princes was seized on the racecourse in

Alfieri

THE HON. BARBARA FRANKLAND

I. B.

LORD AND LADY QUEENSBERRY

AT FASHIONABLE ASCOT

Society caught by the camera at the famous meeting

SIR FREDERICK AND LADY ANSTRUTHER [*Alfieri*

Aitken

MISS BETTY PAYNTER

L. N. A.

LADY CATHERINE WILLOUGHBY (left), THE EARL OF ANCASTER AND MISS LOEFFLER

curious a spectacle as it did during the intervals at the opening performance of the season of Russian ballet. Dames and gentles of *la plus haute volée*, distinguished painters, authors, actresses, were all mixed up with young men in startlingly coloured shirts and collars—one such was a dazzling scarlet—with bobbed hair, or rather it looked like bobbed hair in comparison with the mannish *coiffures* of their equally oddly attired female companions. Sprinkled about amongst this unwonted mixture were earnest and execution for a debt? Yet this actually happened in the reign of George IV to his brother, the Duke of York, as is shown by this notice in a morning paper of the time:—

"A correspondent informs us that as soon as the Duke of York dismounted from his horse last Friday at Ascot Races a Sheriff's officer seized his Royal Highness's horse and that of his groom in execution."

I wonder how the "Grand old Duke of York" and his groom got back to Windsor!

The Russian Ballet

In all its long history of first nights the foyer of His Majesty's Theatre can never have presented so

Sport and General

THE FINISH OF THE GOLD VASE
Sir George Noble's High Art winning the Gold Vase (R. James up)

Alfieri

LADY BUCKINGHAM

L. N. A.

MAJOR AND MRS. IAN HAY BEITH

G. P. U.

THE MISSES SCOTT, LADY PHYLLIS ALLEN AND THE HON. MRS. CHOLMONDELEY

L. N. A.

LADY NEWLAND AND MR. CORTELLE GLORNEY

yearning - looking youths and maidens who reminded one of Gilbert's "greenery-yallery," "intense" young folk. I'm sure these must have been Stravinsky lovers.

It was just like a cottage pie. You never knew what you were going to come across next. Certainly, nothing save the Russian ballet could have drawn such a heterogeneous audience.

Only for the Initiated

THERE was rapturous applause from the initiated when the curtain fell on *Les Noces*, Stravinsky's ballet, which was performed for the first time in England that night. The uninitiated, like your Bystander, sat stunned, wondering if the composer, when he wrote the music, had not been playing a huge joke, and if throughout the four tableaux of the most lugubrious spectacle I have ever witnessed on the stage the producer, and even the dancers, had not had their tongues in their cheeks.

But the sight of two double grand pianos, each with a keyboard at either end, and at each keyboard composers of such reputation as Georges Auric, Francis Poulenc, Vittorio Rieti, and Vladimir Dukelsky dispelled this idea. These four composers had accompanied the ballet as an expression of their admiration for Stravinsky's music. So far as the audience was concerned their efforts might have been all in dumb show, because the big drum in the orchestra drowned everything else. Through all the noise voices were heard singing doleful dirges behind the scene.

There is practically no dancing in this new ballet. It is a continual series of meaningless posturing. For instance, one movement of the bride's girl

A NAVAL WEDDING *Vandyk*

Lieut.-Commander William St. George Abbott, R.N., and his bride, Miss Kathleen Bourne, daughter of Mrs. W. W. Bourne. The wedding took place at Garston Parish Church in Hertfordshire

Rita Martin

MISS BRIDGET CLAY

Whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. W. W. Brough Scott, late of the Royals. Miss Clay is the only daughter of Mr. Charles Leigh Clay, the High Sheriff of Monmouthshire

friends, all dressed in black and white, is to pile themselves up, one girl's head on the next girl's shoulder, into a sort of pyramid. But the effect is that they are all suffering severe pain in that region which Lady Dudley, when she was Miss Gertie Millar, used to advise us—in song, I hasten to add—to wrap up in flannel "when crossing o'er the Channel." As for the bride and bridegroom, they stood stock still throughout the four tableaux, and when led off to the bridal chamber looked as if they were going out to execution. If Russian peasant marriages really are like this one wonders they ever get married at all!

Les Matelots, for which Georges Auric, one of the four composer-accompanists, wrote the music, came as a welcome relief. The Earl of Balfour was in Lady Cunard's box, but I think he missed *Les Noces*, as he and his hostess came in late.

Three Generations of Prejudice

WOULD you think it possible that in these present days of grace, central heating, and labour-saving there could be a house in a fashionable street in London to which gas has never been laid on? Yet it is so. Of course, I mustn't mention the name of the street, except that it leads directly from one fashionable square to another.

The explanation is this. The house was inherited from her mother by a daughter. The mother hated such "new-fangled and dirty things as coal-gas," when gas was first laid on to private houses, and refused to have the main connected with her house. I don't know when that would be, but some "Useful Knowledge" book would, I expect, supply the information, if you are passionately eager to know.

The daughter shared her mother's dislike of gas, and for all the years she lived in the house its only lights were lamps and candles. She, too, had a daughter, who when the house came to her maintained the old tradition out of pious regard for her mother and grandmother's old-world conservatism. She died not very long ago. The house has been sold; the street is "up" in front of it, and the gas and electric light men are having the time of their lives.

Sold and To Be Sold

LORD SHERBORNE, a peer of whom we hear very little, is the possessor of two houses in Gloucestershire, Sherborne Park and Standish House. Until recently he had a third, Bibury Court, a little gem of Tudor architecture, which he sold a little time ago.

Joan Craven

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Molly McDowell, only child of Mr. D. K. McDowell, C.M.G., late Principal Civil Medical Officer of the Straits Settlements and Federal Malay States. She is to marry Mr. John St. Clair Lindsay of the Middle Temple

Sherborne Park, a very fine house, is between Oxford and Cheltenham, and belonged to Thomas Dutton—from whom Lord Sherborne is descended—in the sixteenth century. He is the sixth baron, having succeeded his uncle, who was a clergyman, six years ago.

Horsley Towers, near Leatherhead, I see, is again in the market. It was sold seven years ago by Lord Lovelace. His father, the first Earl, who married Lord Byron's only daughter, "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," bought it in the reign of William IV, enlarged it considerably, and built the big tower which is such a feature in the landscape. An estate of 700 acres goes with the house.

To Our Readers Abroad

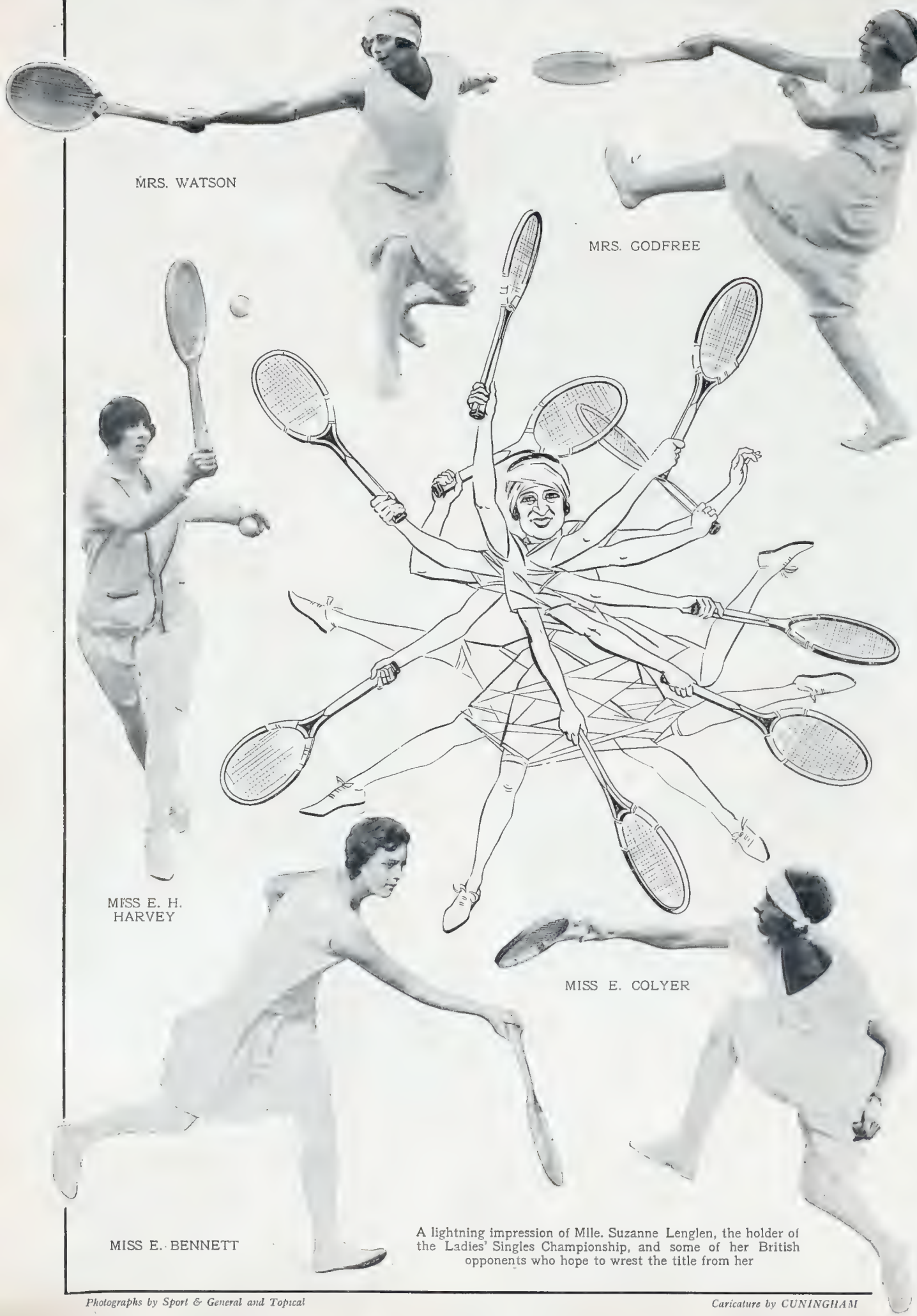
The Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

Lighter Sides of the Race Problems at Cambridge

BY BERT WILSON

Our artist's impressions of some of the sidelights of May Week—so called because it lasts for more than a week and is held in June! Given fine weather, this is one of the most enjoyable functions of the year

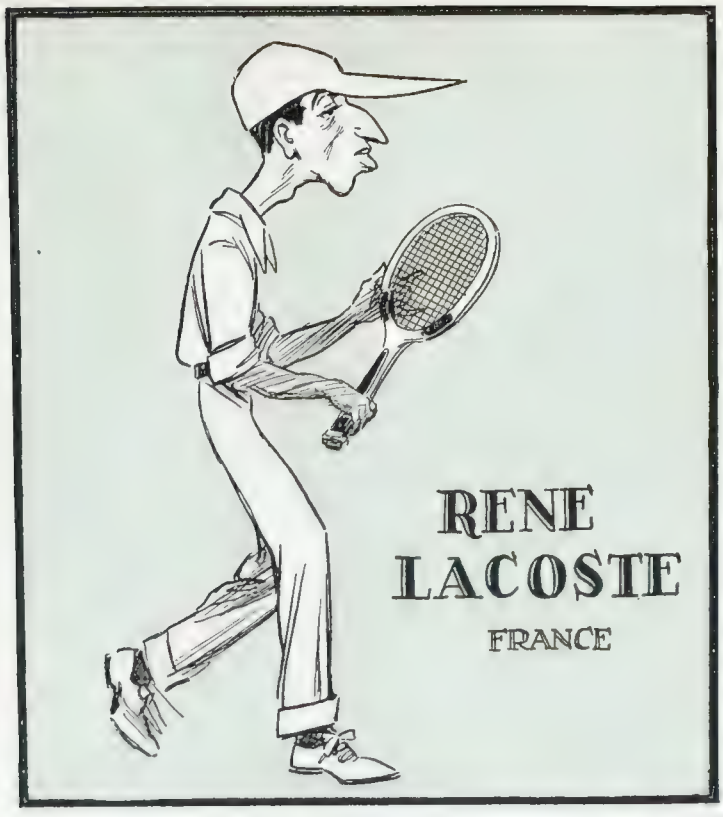
The Lenglen Way at Wimbledon

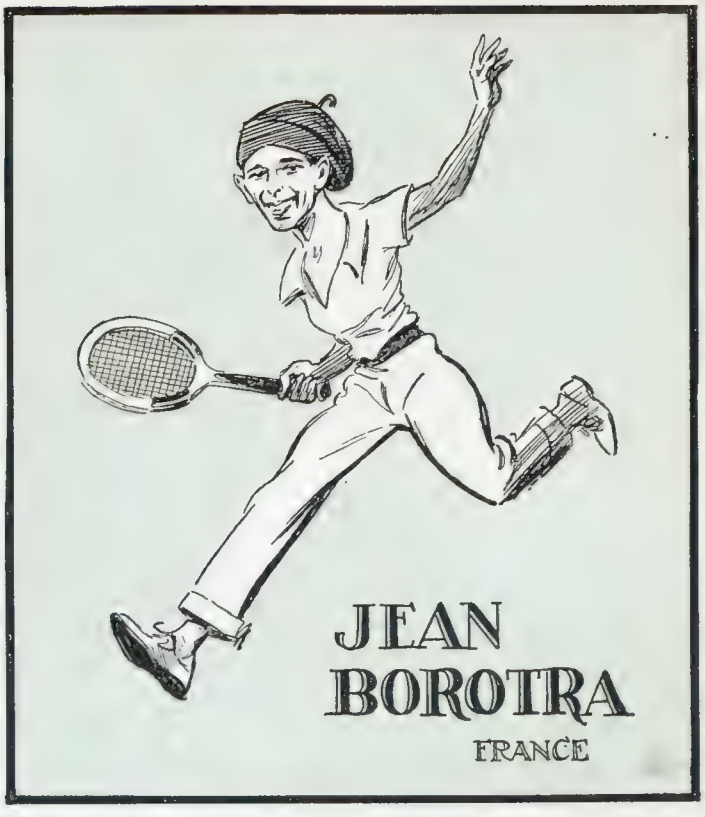


A lightning impression of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, the holder of the Ladies' Singles Championship, and some of her British opponents who hope to wrest the title from her

Photographs by Sport & General and Topical

Caricature by CUNINGHAM





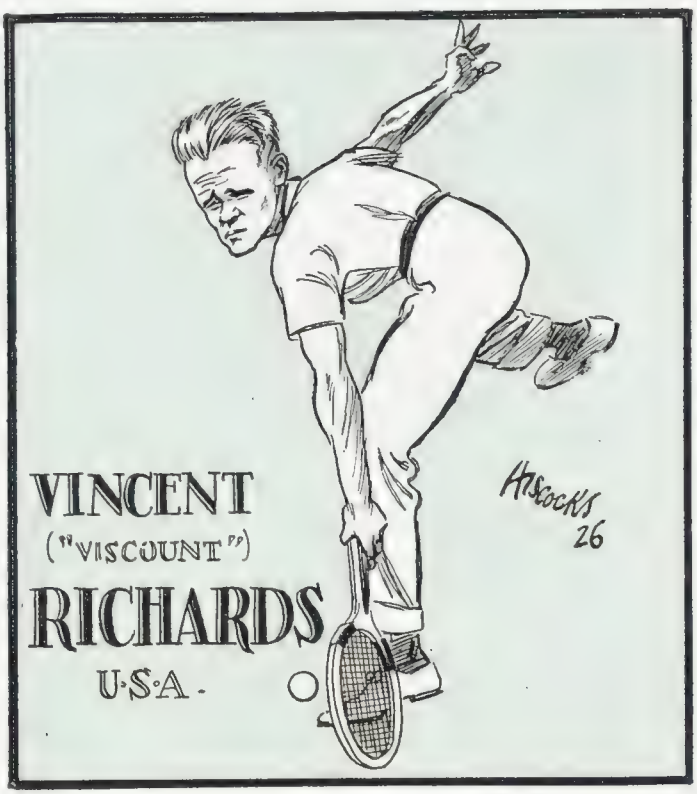
The Jubilee of Wimbledon

PAST AND PRESENT CONDITIONS CONTRASTED

By H. S. SCRIVENER

I WRITE on the eve of a great event in the annals of lawn tennis. In a few days' time the jubilee of the annual gathering of which nowadays we all speak as Wimbledon—just as we speak of Ascot or Henley—will have begun. His Majesty the King, whose interest in the game is of long standing, will again figure prominently in the making of its history. When the championship meeting grew so large that the All-England Club, its promoters, were compelled to move to more commodious quarters, it was the King who opened the new Wimbledon. He is also honouring the first day of the jubilee meeting with his presence, and all past Wimbledon champions who are alive and able to be present will be the recipients of commemorative medals at his hands. Nor will this, let us hope, be his only visit during the fortnight. A great occasion is rendered all the greater by his gracious presence.

I AM sufficiently advanced in years to have been able to attend the first Wimbledon in 1877, had I been minded to do so, and learn something therefrom, for I was already a tennis player in embryo; but being a schoolboy I did not take my tennis at all seriously in those days, and did not go to Wimbledon until it had been in existence for four or five years. Then was I drawn thither, like a good many others, by the fame of the Renshaws, "the two young men from Cheltenham," who suddenly descended upon London completely equipped with almost all the strokes of the modern all-round game as it is played to-day to perfection by just a few, and after a fashion by a great many more. It was during the period of those historic battles between Willie Renshaw and H. F. Lawford that I came, saw, and was conquered by the lure of Wimbledon and by the fascinations of lawn tennis as played by "the best people."



Sketches by HISCOCKS

WIMBLEDON in its childhood was quite an informal sort of gathering, and things were done in a very leisurely fashion. The entries were quite small; yet it did not take very much wet weather to make the tournament last as long as it does now, especially as it was customary to adjourn entirely for the two days of the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's. It was very difficult, too, except for the privileged spectator, to know what was going on. The centre court matches could, of course, be earmarked without much trouble; but anything even distantly resembling the elaborate notice-boards of to-day (which tell you where and approximately when every match on the programme will be played) were quite unknown. On the other hand, the officials succeeded admirably in investing the

proceedings with the necessary tone of importance by studiously walking about with an air of extreme pre-occupation which was really impressive.

IN one respect the spectator of those days had a decided advantage; he had no need to be a "queueist." One talked glibly of the "Renshaw rush," but what was it? A mere handful as compared with the crowds which now stand patiently in a queue for hours. For some years (before I became a member of the club and an occasional competitor) I could count on getting a good seat—free except for the price of admission—near the middle of the centre court by arriving half-an-hour to an hour before the doors opened. And the free seats consisted, mark you, of only two rows of benches running round the court immediately behind the ropes. In the present arena there are, of course, no free seats at all.

G. P. U.
MRS. MALLORY

NO better illustration of the march of the times is afforded than by the complete change for the better which the dress of the woman player has undergone. Contrast the kit of the present day, so thoroughly adapted to freedom of movement, with that worn by Miss Maud Watson, the first champion (1884), and her immediate successors—the upper garment long-sleeved and fitting closely round the neck; the skirt a voluminous affair reaching nearly to the ground; the hat sometimes quite an elaborate creation adorned with bunches of artificial flowers and other trimmings. No wonder that it was so often a question which of two girls would, in racing parlance, "get home under the weight"!

NOW comes perhaps the most impressive thing of all. Wimbledon's jubilee meeting serves to emphasise the fact that in the comparatively brief space of fifty years lawn tennis has become without a doubt the most ubiquitous game in the world. It very soon spread to our colonies and to America, and it was America who sent us our first invaders in the Renshaw days. They

Sport & General
MLLE. K. BOUMAN

Sport and General
LADY CROSFIELD

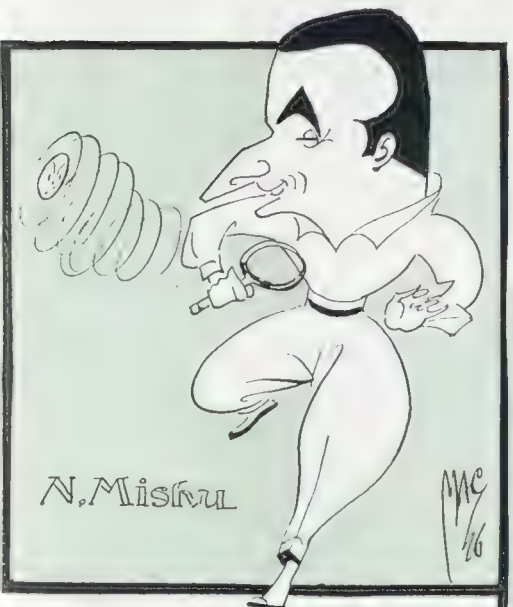
Sport & General
SENORITA DE ALVAREZ

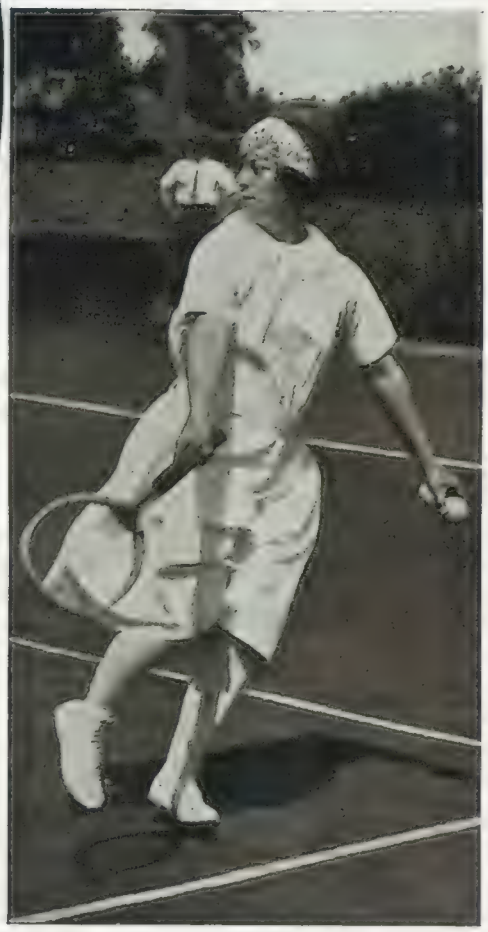
P. & A.
MISS MARY BROWNE

were R. D. Sears, who was America's first champion in 1881 and held the title for seven years, and Dr. James Dwight, his doubles partner, and uncle of Dwight F. Davis, the donor of the Davis Cup. Thus were the seeds of international competition sown quite early. By the opening of the present century the harvest was beginning to ripen. An American pair, Dwight Davis and Holcombe Ward, won the All-Comers' Doubles in 1901, but failed to dethrone the Dohertys in the challenge match. Only a few years later the Ladies' Cup went to America. Its winner was Miss May Sutton, born in England of English parents who migrated to America a year or two after she was born. She lost the cup in the following year to Mrs. Lambert Chambers, but returned to win it again in 1907, in which year the great Norman Brookes (Australia) earned the distinction of being the first to take the Men's Cup overseas. Since then, besides Australia, America and France have joined the leading nations. Our hope is that this Jubilee Wimbledon will reveal young players who may be counted upon to recover our lost prestige—not immediately perhaps—but in the near future.

H. S. S.

Sport & General
MISS RYAN





Sport & General
MRS. JESSUP

Sport & General
MLLE. VLASTO

CARICATURES BY MAC

Prominent Members of Britain's Wimbledon Contingent

Central News

PAT WHEATLEY

Central News

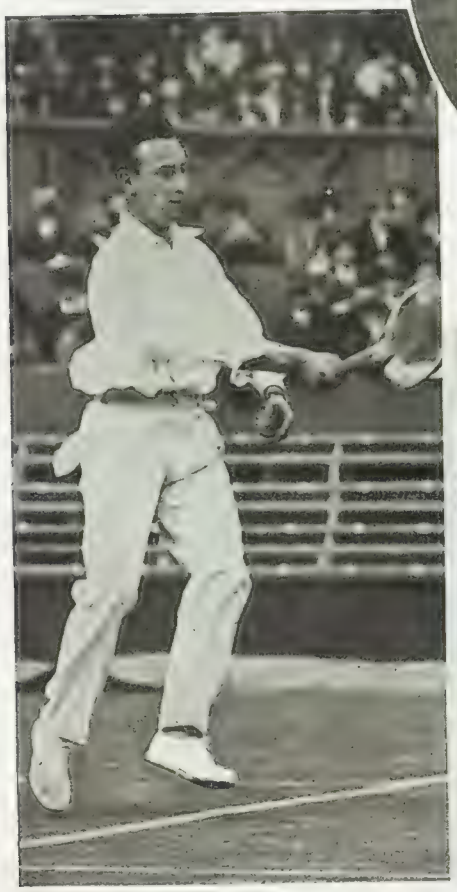
C. H. KINGSLEY

Topical

O. G. N. TURNBULL

Sport and General

NIGEL SHARPE



Topical

E. HIGGS

Central News

H. W. AUSTIN

Topical

G. R. CROLE-REES

Above are seen some of the more notable among our own lawn tennis players who will be doing battle at Wimbledon. Whether they will be able to rout the doughty invaders from France and America remains to be seen

The Umpire and the Referee

By GEOFFREY HUMBLE. *Sketches by DORIS OSBORNE*

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll and John Tenniel)

THE rain was falling on the courts,
Falling with all its might,
It did its very best to make
The grass go out of sight.
And this was odd because it was
Upon a summer's night.

The groundsman used a wicked word,
Because he thought the rain
Had got no business to be there—
His language grew profane.
"It's very rude of it," he said,
"To visit us again."

The courts were wet as wet could be,
No single spot was dry.
You could not see a blade of grass,
There was no grass to spy.
No lobs were flying overhead,
There were no lobs to fly.

The Umpire and the Referee
Gazed at the dreary skies.
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of ties.
"If these were only played to-night,"
They said, "they'll get a prize."

"They wept like anything to see such quantities of ties"

But four young Players hurried up,
All eager for the fun.
"The rain's left off," they cried with glee,
"The day has just begun."
And this was odd because, you know,
They couldn't see the sun.

The Umpire and the Referee
Waited an hour or so,
Until the dreary sun had got
Conveniently low,
And all the weary Players asked
How soon they'd let them go.

"The time has come," the Umpire said,
"To talk of many things—
Of nets—and posts and umpires' chairs,
Of tournaments—and strings.
And why the courts are soaking wet;
And whether lobs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Players cried,
"Before you go away.
For none of us is out of breath,
And few have had our play."
"Oh, hurry," said the Referee,
"Come back another day."

"If seven clubs with seven courts
Played each of them a few,
Do you suppose," the Umpire said,
"That we should get it through?"
"I doubt it," said the Referee;
"I only hope we do."

"O Players, come and have a game,"
The Umpire did beseech.
"A round of Men's, a round of Mixed,
Perhaps a round of each.
And then to-morrow, if it's fine,
The final you may reach."

The oldest Player looked at him,
But never a word he said.
The oldest Player winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head.
Meaning to say he'd rather choose
To play next day instead.

"To scratch the Mixed," the Umpire said,
"Is what we ought to do.
Singles and Handicap events
I think we might do, too.
Now it's too late, my Players dear,
To get the tourney through."

"But not for us," the Players cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such weather that would be
A dismal thing to do."
"The courts are wet," the Umpire said.
"Do you admire the view?"

"O Players!" said the Referee,
"The rain has spoilt your fun,
And now because it's fine again,
You fancy you've been done.
And this is scarcely odd because
The Summer has begun."

THE RINGER AT WYNDHAM'S

GORDON HARKER AS SAMUEL HACKITT

Produced May 1, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

IF our managers could find a few more plays of this excellent brand we should soon be independent of the American "crook" drama. According to the dictionary, a ringer is one who rings, an assertion that may, at least, be commended for its lack of exaggeration. In this case the Ringer is an expert criminal who rings the changes, and who can disguise himself so completely that the smartest detectives cannot recognise him. Furthermore, the Ringer is a highly qualified burglar, and he is not averse from putting in a little overtime at murder if occasion should arise. As Mr. Wm. Cowper once remarked, variety's the very spice of life. And when the Ringer finally dodges his police pursuers and makes a good "getaway" he is greeted with a whole-hearted British cheer that must make the Ten Commandments feel pretty cheap. It sounded to me rather like conniving at felony, but you can't alter the British way of sympathising with the hare while running with the hounds.

THE first act takes place not, as is usual in these cases, on Broadway or Thirty-second Street, but in the very exclusive venue of Scotland Yard itself. The trouble is that the Ringer, hitherto reported dead, has been seen alive in London, and the "Yard" wants to know about it. The first caller on the police is Mr. Samuel Hackitt, an ex-convict who is so well known to the police that he is able to address them individually by name. This part is extremely well played by Mr. Gordon Harker, whose quiet humour is entirely delightful. The ex-convict has volunteered information on the understanding that the Ringer is dead; but on hearing that the redoubtable criminal is alive and at large, Mr. Hackitt prefers to keep his own counsel. It appears that the Ringer has a short way with traitors.

LESLIE FABER AS DR. LOMOND

THEN we have Mr. Maurice Meister, a solicitor, who is wittily described as one who might have come over with the Conqueror if that potentate had not found Holland better for his health. Meister is the poor man's lawyer in Deptford. The police have an idea that he earns his fees by receiving stolen goods; but they cannot proceed against him without evidence. All they now ask is that Meister, having defended the Ringer on one or two occasions from the crafts and assaults of the police, will now be good enough to place at the service of the Home Office any particulars he may have of the wanted criminal. It transpires that Meister is not at all a nice man to know. He took the Ringer's sister into his employ as a typist, and soon afterwards she was found drowned, the inference being that that was the only way she could find out of her trouble. When Meister hears, therefore, that the Ringer is not only alive but has come back to look for someone, he naturally gets very jumpy and wants police protection.

LESLIE BANKS AS BUSS

DOROTHY DICKSON AS CORA ANN MILTON

SO far we have no clue to the identity of the Ringer, but as the author never intended us to have any there is nothing to worry about. We have heard enough to work our curiosity up to concert pitch and a bit over. We are next introduced to Cora Ann Milton. Cora Ann was an American citizeness and a fugitive from justice when she first met the Ringer, and the bond of sympathy between them became so strong that the two got married. Cora Ann is not very communicative, but the inspector in charge has a subtle plan for making her talk. He calls Dr. Lomond, the divisional surgeon, who once met the Ringer on a homeward bound ship from India, and asks him to try to worm a few salient facts from the lady. I do not know whether it is quite cricket to try to trap a wife into giving her husband away,

THE WARNING NOTE *Stage Photo Co.*

John Lenley (Henry Forbes) warns Maurice Meister (Franklin Dyall), the crafty solicitor, that there will be "the devil to pay" if Meister tries any tricks upon Lenley's sister, Mary Lenley (Betty Hicks) who is in the employ of Meister as a typist

but it may be that in law, as in love and war, all's fair. The part of Dr. Lomond is taken by Mr. Leslie Faber, whose representation of the shuffling old Scotsman with his dry humour and his quiet self-confidence is a joy to be remembered.

S

STILL waiting for definite news of the Ringer, but with our curiosity now at

fever-heat, we find ourselves now in Mr. Maurice Meister's house in Flander's Lane, Deptford. Meister is at his old tricks. He has just engaged as his typist a nice girl named Mary Lenley, the sister of a young man who has been sent to Dartmoor for his health and his country's good. But young Lenley is released before his time for having done a kind action, and he is surprised to find his sister not only in Meister's service but already calling him by his Christian name. Speaking from his heart young Lenley explains that if any harm comes to his sister he will cheerfully murder Mr. Meister and as cheerfully hang for the offence. Meister has already one of these horridly plain-spoken men on his track in the person of the Ringer, and these threats of violence are growing monotonous by repetition. So that his first duty to himself is obviously to get young Lenley "put away" again. This little episode forms quite an exciting chapter in the progress of the story. Presently Meister, being left alone, hears strange noises about the premises, while over one of the doors a warning red light gives notice of the stealthy approach of someone by a secret stairway. Very exciting, but still no Ringer.

S

THEN we are at Flander's Lane police station, a scene mostly given over to comic relief in order to brace us up for the tremendously exciting finish. It is here that ex-convict Hackitt is brought once more for the offence of being in possession

A DRAMATIC MOMENT *Stage Photo Co.*

Inspector Wembury (Nigel Bruce) and Doctor Lomond (Leslie Faber) ask Cora Ann Milton (Dorothy Dickson) what has scared her. Cora Ann Milton is an American citizeness, who was a fugitive from justice when she first met the Ringer and married him

of property which he knows was stolen because he stole it himself. The amusing impudence of the man in custody and his familiar jokes with the detectives at the station are of the very best quality. About this time news comes to the police station that, although Mr. Meister is known to be at home, no answer can be obtained to the usual knock and ring. At once there is a panic. The police are apprehensive that the Ringer has not only got back, but he has got Meister as well.

S

IN the last act we are in Meister's house again, and the action brisks up very considerably. It seems that Meister was all right after all. The police, having broken down his street door, find him at his piano momentarily overcome by the effects of drug-taking. Then strange noises are heard and strange signals are seen. The lights are hurriedly switched off while the police grip their Brownings, and there is the usual noisy bustling in the dark. Then we hear a man's groan and a woman's scream. After that the lights go up again, and we see Meister lying on the ground with a knife in his heart. The Ringer has come, and gone. We have missed him again.

S

AND just then in the most ordinary way the Ringer is revealed to us. He has been there all the time. But there seems no way of escape. Yet, by a most ingenious ruse, he not only eludes the police, but has time to take his wife Cora Ann by the hand and lead her to a secret door in the wall to safety and happiness, while the audience thunders its applause in appreciation of the extremely adroit manner in which the climax is fashioned. JINGLE.

The Lighter Side of Tournament Life

By MRS. PHYLLIS SATTERTHWAITE

Hal Linden

MRS. SATTERTHWAITE

One of our leading British players, photographed between matches

So many people play lawn tennis nowadays, and it has become such a serious matter to everyone concerned, that the lighter side of the game is, I think, sometimes rather in danger of being overlooked.

Personally I have enjoyed many a hearty laugh at the curious things one hears and sees at the big championship meetings at home and abroad, and there is nothing more amusing than to mingle with the crowd when any big match is in progress and hear some of the remarks that are going about. I remember being hugely entertained at Wimbledon by one old lady who, after watching Mr. Lycett and Miss Ryan demolish a pair in double-quick time, turned to her companion and remarked: "How very pleased Miss Ryan must have been to have drawn him out of the bag." An idea of choosing one's partner for Wimbledon which seems quite an original one.

* * *

Another incident which always makes me laugh now, although it did not strike me as being so funny at the time, was one which took place several years ago when I was competing in one of the biggest of the English seaside tournaments, and having been foolish enough to enter for the handicap events was faced with the proposition of owing and giving half forty, this making my opponent receive forty one game, while I owed it the next.

Judge of my horror and surprise when on mounting the steps the umpire blandly announced: "Miss A. leads three-love in the first set," this, of course, before a stroke had been played. In vain I reasoned with him. He stuck to his guns that owing and giving half forty meant starting at three-love, and it was not until we had fetched the referee extremely unwillingly from his tent that he consented to call the score in the orthodox manner.

* * *

I once saw a very funny incident in the South of France which I daresay several people will remember. A well-known foreign competitor (usually the most placid and peaceful of men) had entered for a certain large tournament, in which he proceeded to reach the final of the men's singles. Here he encountered and was beaten by a man a good deal weaker than himself, very much to the surprise of everyone, including, I should imagine, himself.

Anyhow, at the close of the match (throughout which he had remained perfectly calm) he suddenly threw down his racquets, danced upon them vigorously until all the strings were broken, and then solemnly left the court. I do not remember ever having laughed more; the curious part of the incident being that the player has become much more popular since this very human outburst.

* * *

Of course in Spain they are tremendously keen on lawn tennis, and I remember once playing a game in Bilbao on a most curious sun-baked sort of clay court, in which all the town's people climbed up on the fences adjoining and shouted directions and encouragement (neither of which I was able to understand, unfortunately) throughout the entire performance.

Another amusing remark which entertained us on the Riviera and was overheard by a friend of mine was made at a tournament where I was fortunate enough to be playing with Mlle. Lenglen. In the first round of the doubles we encountered an extremely weak couple, and while we were playing them a man in the crowd who had seen the score go to six-love and four-love remarked very seriously to a friend who was with him: "I believe that couple (pointing out Mlle. Lenglen and myself) are the better pair," no one, I may mention, being more entertained than "Suzanne" herself.

Of course foreign competitors are, as a rule, much more entertaining than English ones, and I remember a man who is well known in the South. After having been seriously annoyed by a small dog which would bark unceasingly throughout his entire match, he suddenly stopped short, and, looking fiercely round at the crowd, asked in a pitiful voice: "Hasn't that dog got *any* home?"

* * *

Of course Nicholas Mishu, one of the most delightful of lawn tennis players, is sometimes extremely amusing, and I remember once, when he was very much displeased with the game he was playing, that he turned round suddenly and, with his back to the net, delivered a perfectly good service over his head, which completely demoralised his opponent for the time being, and incidentally myself.

Another lively remark which I heard at Monte Carlo this year, was when during the big tournament there in February we were watching a particularly thrilling men's double. Two ladies close behind me began discussing the game, and after a little conversation one said to the other: "Of course, a men's double is a very good game to watch and I love to see a really good single, but when it comes to *thrills*, give me a good ladies' double," and I only wished all referees who object to ladies' doubles on the ground of their being so dull could have been there to hear.

* * *

Of course everyone is so used to hearing the most appalling announcements made about famous tennis players—how they drink, dope, beat their wives, and generally misconduct themselves, that it would only be wearisome to attempt to recount one-tenth of these stories here. But I must before I finish tell you the story which pleased me most. A well-known lady player had a little boy to whom she was devoted—in fact, the only thing which could ever be said about her was that if anything she rather spoilt him. Judge of my amusement, then, to hear two spectators telling each other at Wimbledon: "Isn't it *too* dreadful about Mrs. Z. Do you know, I hear she has the sweetest little boy and, would you believe it, she is so wrapped up in this dreadful game of tennis that she neglects him terribly and, *I* hear, even beats him!"

Phyllis H. Satterthwaite

The Volleyers

BY H. M. BATEMAN

An idea, that is still in the air, for brightening Wimbledon

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Almost ceaseless rain"

MES AMIS,—

THERE is nothing like possessing a host of friends scattered all over the map. They come to your rescue so unexpectedly and just when you are most in need. An hour or so before beginning to write this letter I was prostrate in the seventh *enfer*, sinking under the burden of depression caused by something like three weeks of almost ceaseless rain, and wondering whether it was worth while even to consider choice of a place for holidays this summer as there was but the remotest prospect of any summer anyway.

THEN there came a ring on the 'phone. "D.W.T. speaking. Just motored up from Cannes. And we're returning almost right away to get back into the sunshine. What a cold and cruel climate you exist in, René. Why don't you pull the car out of that refrigerator you call your garage and come down where you can swim in warm waves and collect some bronze on that pallid complexion?"

"SUN, did you say?" I managed to gasp. "Have I truly the unique honour to speak to one who has seen the sun amid the snowscapes of May and the cloudbursts of June, or is it but a *cauchemar*? Say that word 'sun' seven times, beginning gently, and I'll trail you back to Cannes, even if I have to push the car till the engine gets warm."

"D. W. T.," as you know, writes those Riviera Notes that make one feel so envious under greyer skies, and is one of the most steadfast apostles of the "Riviera for Summer Holidays" slogan. He has made another convert. Like all new converts I am advising others to follow the movement. There used to be a fear that Cannes in summer might be too hot. But not now.

"The Little Women of the *boites de nuit*"

Bientôt it may be as unnecessary to have a pocket full of francs when night-haunting in Paris as it is to know French, judging from the most recent oral and written reports from Montmartre. For a long while now the English tongue has been adequate to carry one where it was more or less proper to go, and now the English pound is not merely acceptable as wherewithal, but is one of the most popular of passports. Montmartrois who used to think you might be trying to swindle them if you offered them a banknote or Treasury note now openly show their preference in that direction.

THE Little Women of the *boites de nuit* now know all there is to be known about Bradburys or Fishers, and anybody trying to dispose of home-mades or other duds would meet with a shock, swift and sudden. A *danseuse* who would formerly ask for a couple of hundred francs for a night as a dancing partner will now apply hopefully for a couple of Bradburys and tell you she will run the risk of losing on the exchange.

And you can rest assured that the risk is of the best gilt-edged order. I am told that all the tradespeople of the *quartier*, from the grocer to the butcher and the *fruitier*, are ready to pay them the current rate of exchange plus ten per cent. as this avoids the name and address formalities which are obligatory when buying foreign currencies in a bank. Then the shopkeepers probably hoard them. If the franc could but get a really sustained push upwards there would probably be a sensationally spectacular run, for there must be a very handsome pile of pounds and dollars in Paris waiting for the *grand jour de sortie*.

THERE was a joyous moment at the entrance to the Bal Julian the other night. You know it is the custom of the very strictly rule-bound, and usually very hefty, *gars* who act as doorkeepers at these artists' revels to send away in summary fashion novices who come overclothed or in costumes

(Continued on page 756)

BY JACK GORDGE

LIGHT AND SHADE

PLAYTIME AT

The new craze of Jazz Tennis caught in

WIMBLEDON

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

ull swing by our extra special artist

BY TOPHAM

SOB-STUFF

Femi

WASTING TI

By "CANDIDA"

"NEVER put off till to-mo
you might do next
next year"; I don't
said it, but it's very good
lines vaguely reminiscent
Wilde, whose humour dat
badly. Like lots of good co
more difficult to follow tha
Anybody can put off anythi
morrow; that's how lots of u
think of the patience, the for
admirable restraint requir
nothing for a year!

THE whole art of living is
wasting time. Why do
pect a return for our "u
minute"? A return in mone
stance, which wears out
humanity before its time? A
sensation of some sort which
the rest? You take your cl
tween the two methods of su
rather, according to your inc
taken for you. Behold this
midsummer, the height of the
height, and I, even I, am burs
engagements. Went last we
Opera, in someone else's bo

MISS
Who is well known on the
London in the near future.
as an interpr

ness in the City? And those bills still unpaid?"

"Couldn't help it," says the spectre unabashed. "You won't find it easy either when you get down to rock bottom and try to start in. Why not do as I do and leave the whole sorry business to to-morrow?"

TO-MORROW, why not to-morr-ow, or next week, or next year? "Certainly not." The I of to-day lights another cigarette and, full of virtue, begins to deal with the letters—to people who don't matter. The others, the friends, would take too long to answer. To them one's got to be explicit, discursive. To them one writes the letters that aren't ever written. One waits and waits for the right moment till it's too late to write at all, and friendship lies buried under a long, blank silence. Who was it who said that unanswered letters answer themselves? They do. I watch the smoke of my cigarette ascending, weaving words that will never be written, books that will never be published. No; no. Never's a stupid word. Not to-day, perhaps, next week, no doubt, or next year? CANDIDA.

HE PENDULUM

BRADLEY.

iably find amusement in observing
nion in the vital matter of clothes.
ierade throughout the ages I have
curb my natural tendency towards
s to live in the moment, therefore
of the inconstant man and the
ay be altered to liking according

entury Man was the magnificent
istrial nineteenth century Woman
r avarice wrapped herself in such
nseen beneath her swaddlings she
covered her subtle lines of attrac-
v has learnt the art of clothing

odern woman dresses in far finer taste than

revelry and devilry of her personality in
ipation.
spirited by the deadly uniformity of war,
drabness.

* * *

artistic and creative senses. Women

dorned. The grace of her body and the
whilst the modern man is often left to

endulum will inevitably return to the
liveliness in the fashions of men.
nufactured from the designs and ideas
ovement. They represent the greatest
h century; and, in points of artistry
e modern woman on terms of sartorial

* *

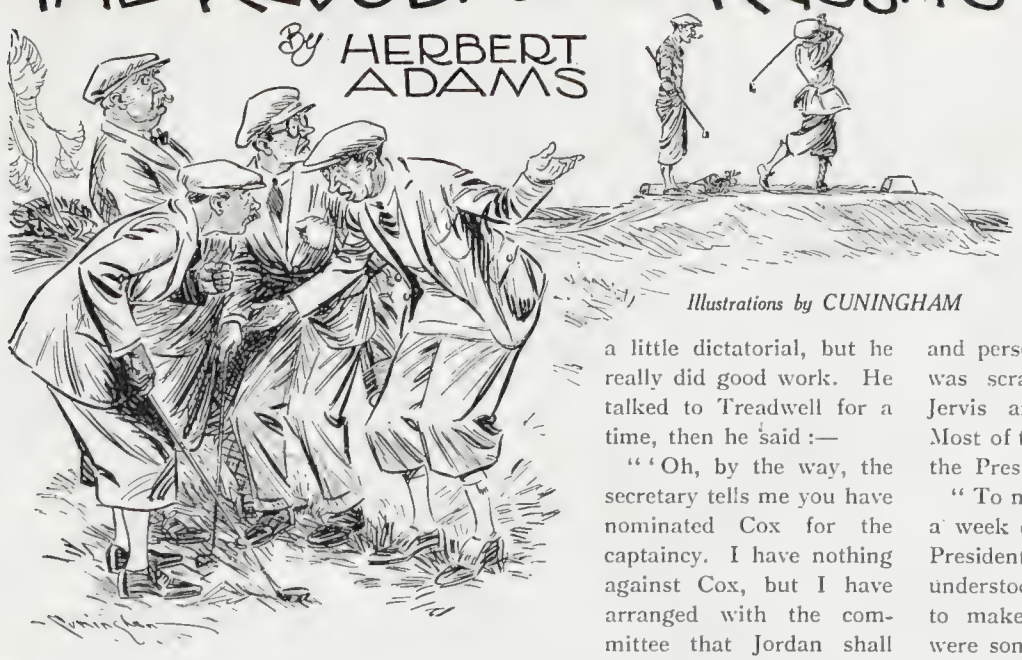
ive, and are unobtainable elsewhere
ssive in consideration of the quality.

LD BOND STREET W
3 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

STORIES TOLD IN THE GOLF CLUB

THE REVOLT OF THE RABBITS

By HERBERT ADAMS



Illustrations by CUNINGHAM

WE had just concluded our annual meeting. A new captain had been elected and three fresh men had been put on the committee. The whole of the important business had taken precisely seven minutes.

"At one time there were rows at these meetings," said Maxwell, rather regretfully. "I don't think we take life as seriously as we used to."

"It isn't that," said Murgatroyd. "History moves in cycles. Every club has a row about once in five years. Then things settle down until someone discovers a new grievance."

"I doubt if there is ever a real row in a decently conducted golf club," said Evans, winking at me. "A little friction perhaps, sometimes."

"Opinions may differ as to what is a real row," said Murgatroyd scornfully, "if to divide a club into two opposite camps, each so embittered that they were not on speaking terms, is what you call only a little friction perhaps you are right."

"That sounds like the real thing," said Evans. "How did it happen?"

"It was the holiest row I remember," replied Murgatroyd. "It was at the Branning Club, and really began over the election of the captain.

"As you know, different clubs have different methods of appointing their captains. At Branning it was settled by election by all the members.

"One year the usual notice was issued that nominations must be sent in by a certain date. A man named Treadwell wanted a friend of his called Cox to be elected. He got him seconded by a rather fiery Army man, Colonel Craddock, and sent in his paper.

"A few days later Treadwell met the President. This President was perhaps a little dictatorial, but he really did good work. He talked to Treadwell for a time, then he said:—

"'Oh, by the way, the secretary tells me you have nominated Cox for the captaincy. I have nothing against Cox, but I have arranged with the committee that Jordan shall be captain this year.'

"Now, Treadwell was an easy-going sort of chap. He liked to have the President talk to him in this friendly way, but this calm announcement rather staggered him. He muttered something about the best man winning. The President, however, said airily that no other nominations had come in, and it was better to avoid friction if possible. Treadwell weakly agreed.

"'So you do not mind if I tear up your letter?' said the President blandly.

"'No,' said Treadwell, 'not if you put it like that.'

"But when he told Colonel Craddock, that gallant soldier minded very much. He stamped about the room and swore he would make a public protest at the General Meeting. With great difficulty Treadwell persuaded him not to. But Craddock vowed something very different should happen the following year.

"Now, a man may in his time have led armies or ruled provinces, but if his golf handicap is about twenty no one in the club has much respect for him. On the other hand, if he is plus one, his views on everything, from the League of Nations to eternal punishment, are taken very seriously. This is what Colonel Craddock found he was up against.

"Unfortunately, his golf was of the poorest quality, and he discovered that all the men elected for the club committee had handicaps of five or less. He declared that the committee in consequence ignored the requirements of the majority—they only regarded the wishes of the big-hitting few, and quite a lot of the steady and elderly players sided with him.

"The time for the next election drew near. There were four vacancies to be filled. The Colonel would not stand himself, but he and his friends nominated four quite decent men whose aggregate handicaps totalled seventy. The President apparently got his back up, and personally proposed Hawkins, who was scratch, Royston plus one, and Jervis and Erling each about three. Most of the existing committee seconded the President's bunch.

"To make matters worse, at a dinner a week or two before the meeting the President made a speech, and said he understood there was a motion on foot to make golf easier. Possibly there were some who would wish to have all the bunkers removed, all the greens sloped towards the centre, and all holes a foot wide. Personally, he preferred the game as it was, and would rather be governed by the Tigers than the Rabbits.

"This, of course, made Colonel Craddock furious, and he vowed that come what might he would get his men elected. The names stuck, and the members were divided into Tigers and Rabbits. Many old friendships were broken, and feeling was running very high. A popular man was agreed as Captain by both parties. The fight was as to the four committee vacancies.

"While this skirmishing had been going on a pretty little romance had also been developing. A charming girl,

"His golf was of the poorest quality"

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

Nancy O'Brien, had become engaged to Frank Thornton, one of our younger members. George Royston, one of the Tiger's candidates, had been sweet on her too, and many had thought he was the favourite. Thornton, however, was the lucky winner, and, as Nancy's father was a member of the club, most of us were invited to the wedding. Someone said that one aisle would be reserved for the Tigers and the other for the Rabbits.

"Then it suddenly dawned on us that the wedding had been fixed for the same day as our General Meeting. However, it did not matter much. The service was to be at two o'clock and our meeting not till five, so there would be ample time to motor over after the bride and the bridegroom had left.

"Now, my sympathies were really with the Tigers, but an uncle of mine was one of Craddock's nominees, and before the feeling became so intense I had thrown in my lot with them. I once asked Craddock what he thought the chances were.

"'My boy,' he said, 'I am going to win. Only those who are actually in the clubhouse can vote, and an old soldier knows how to bring his men into action.'

"'But can the old soldier prevent the enemy coming too?' I asked.

"'You trust the old soldier!' he said, and the light of battle was in his eyes.

"The wedding was a huge success. About thirty members of the golf club were present, the Rabbits and the Tigers being pretty equally divided. At the reception afterwards we had a great time. Nancy was the life and soul of the party. She was not, perhaps, a strictly beautiful girl, but she had laughing dark eyes, a saucy little nose, and kiss-inviting lips. In fact, all of us who could claimed the privilege of kissing the bride. She did not seem to have any great objection, and Frank Thornton, the bridegroom, cheerfully said she was making the most of her last opportunities.

"Craddock was there, but he kept himself rather aloof, and I knew he was thinking how he could get his men back to the clubhouse for the election and spoof the other side. Time went rapidly by. There was dancing, some toasts, and the bride cut the cake. Then she retired to change for her journey. I could see Craddock looking at his watch, but, so far as I could discover, he had not played tricks with the clocks or tried any other crafty dodges.

"Then, amid shouts of good wishes and showers of confetti, the happy couple drove off. O'Brien, our host, said he would like us to stop a bit, but if we felt we must dash off to our meeting we could have the cars immediately. Craddock said we must go, and he let the Tigers get into the first lot of vehicles. When they were clear we crowded into the next three cars, Craddock having a word with the chauffeurs.

"The O'Briens' house was six miles from the course, and the nearest road was a long and narrow country lane that was not generally much used. I was rather surprised, after we had gone half a mile along this lane, when our chauffeur took a side turning—the only side turning there was, I believe—and rushed along a road that would take us to the golf club, but meant a detour of some miles. Our other cars followed us.

"That gallant soldier minded very much——"

"'Why are we going this way?' I asked. 'We shall be late.'

"'Not so late as they will be,' Craddock replied grimly.

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"He looked at us with a gleam of triumph in his eye.

"'When those Tigers get a mile further along that lane,' he said, 'they will find the road blocked. A wagon carrying a big tree trunk will be stuck across with one wheel in the ditch!'

"'Then they will turn back and come this way,' I said.

"'When they turn back,' he replied, 'they will find another wagon since they passed has had just such another mishap! They will be well bottled between the two! I said I would bring my men into action, and all is fair in love and war.'

"'But if the cars get stuck,' said one of our party, 'the men can get out and walk.'

"'Walk four miles in patent shoes and wedding garments on that awful road? I don't think so! Anyway, the business will be all over before they come!'

"He proved to be right. We got to the clubhouse on the stroke of five. We waited a good half-hour, and then started our proceedings. Our Chairman, the retiring captain, who had not been at the wedding, said there were four vacancies on the committee and eight men had been proposed. Craddock jumped up and asked for the names to be submitted in two groups, as they had been nominated. The Chairman agreed.

"He then said four members had been nominated by the President, and duly seconded. They were Royston, Hawkins, Jervis and Erling. Four members had been proposed by Colonel Craddock, and also duly seconded. They were Urquhart, Dawson, Rayner and Cox. Would those who were in favour of the President's nominees please hold up their hands?

"There were six other men present who had not been at the wedding. They were all Tigers. They put up their hands, and then, slowly, every one of us, except Craddock, put up his hand too!

"'Twenty,' counted the Chairman. 'Now those in favour of Messrs. Urquhart, Dawson, Rayner and Cox.'

"Craddock's hand went up, but it was all—the only one! He glared at us with bulging eyes in a purple face. It was over. He had trapped the Tigers and brought his Rabbits into action, but they had failed him, and the absent Tigers were duly elected."

"Serve him jolly well right," said Rodwell, as Murgatroyd paused. "I suppose you were all disgusted at his unsporting trick?"

"I don't think it was altogether that," said Murgatroyd, smiling.

"Then what was it?" we asked.

"Well, you see, when we were at the wedding I asked Nancy for a kiss for luck. She said 'Yes, if you'll promise to vote for George Royston and his friends!' She looked irresistible, and she wanted to do poor old Royston a kindness. Anyway, I got my kiss; and, if you ask me, all the other Rabbits except Craddock had one on those terms."

An Open Question

BY GITTS

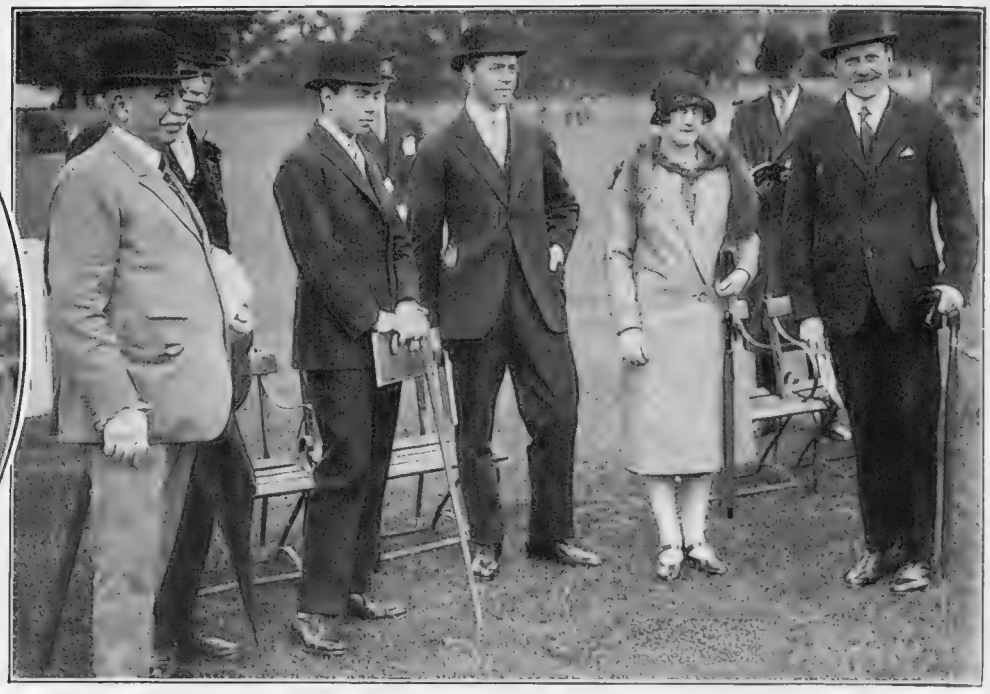
Nine possible answers to the question, which is now being fought out at Lytham and St. Anne's, of who will be this year's Open Golf Champion. At the moment, the Lancashire course is the centre of the world—as far as golfers are concerned, at all events

Sporting Occasions Afloat and

Central Press

A WINNER

Miss A. Savill with her horse Cinders, which won three prizes at the Richmond Royal Horse Show. Miss Savill won a first for the best girl rider



Central News

ROYALTY AT RICHMOND

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught photographed at the Royal Horse Show, held recently at Richmond. They are accompanied by the Swedish royal visitors, Prince Gustaf Adolf and Prince Sigvard

RACING AT PUTNEY *L.N.A.*

Miss M. B. Carstairs winning her trial in the Marine Motoring Association's eliminating competitions. They were held to select a team of three motor-boats to represent Great Britain in the contest for the Duke of York's International Gold Trophy

Sport and General

MAKING A SPLASH!

Mr. Williams and Mr. Pope winning the Scratch Tandem race at the Royal Canoe Club's Regatta. This was held on the lake of the Royal Automobile Club's Country Club, at Woodcote Park, Epsom

Sport and General

REAL HANDFULS!

Mrs. Dora Waddell with a litter of West Highland White Terriers at the Bath Championship Dog Show. The Scottish gentlemen seen above were among the prize-winners

Ashore as Caught by the Camera

Central News

YOUTHFUL TIMIDITY

The Duchess of Rutland persuades a nervous colt to face the perils of the camera. The photograph was taken at the Leicestershire Agricultural Society's Show, which was opened by the Prince of Wales

Central News

THE PRINCE AT LEICESTER

The Prince of Wales handing rosettes to the winners of the jumping events in the Leicestershire Agricultural Society's Annual Show. The Prince paid a special visit to the county town to open the show, which was very well attended this year

Topical

A ROUGH PASSAGE

A view of the start of one of the races during the Colne-Mersey Regatta week. The strong winds and "popply" water made racing a difficult matter that called for a display of good nautical tactics to avoid disaster

Sport and General

READY FOR ACTION

Prince Olav of Norway, who represented Oxford University Fencing Club in the annual competition for the Challenge Shield presented by Sir G. H. Savage. The competition was held in the gardens at Lincoln's Inn

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A CORRESPONDENT says that he disapproves of audiences applauding in theatres. To us his objection merely savours of clap-trap.

. . . . . .

WE heard last week a cheapjack extolling the merits of an old-fashioned anti-fat remedy. He went too far, however, when he declared it was the original stuff that made the Tower of Pisa lean.

. . . . . .

AN American poetess has just composed a poem on "He-Men." We are sure that such a theme would never have occurred to our own Mrs. Hemans.

. . .

YOU'RE looking pleased."

"Yes, my wife has presented me with a couple of rebates off my income tax."

. . .

A SYSTEM of compulsory baths for the poor is to be installed in Moscow. Yet we doubt whether serf bathing will ever become popular over there.

. . .

EXTRACT from the report of a cricket match:—"The pitch was in a disgusting condition." We trust no one who touched it felt defiled.

. . .

A LADIES' journal wants to know the name of the world's greatest lady-killer. Cocaine would certainly be in the running.

GRIM WORK.

How grim it is when, bat in hand,
Before the stumps you take your stand,
And guard against the cunning foe,
Who's bent upon your overthrow
With all the skill at his command.
You wonder where the ball will land;
What artful scheme the bowler's planned:
You feel your knees go groggy. Oh!
How grim it seems.
But if it were my lot to show
A front to this Australian Co.,
And have to watch that wily wrist
Which masks the googly's subtle twist,
Why, then in very sooth I'd know
How Grimmett seems!

. . . . . .

MASTER BOBBY is rather upset because he has heard that the custom of "peaceful picnicking" may be curtailed.

. . . . . .

ANSWER to Correspondent:—No, Tennyson did not write "Closing the bar."

A "HOW TO" POEM.

THE following is a recipe for writing a successful detective novel:—

First get your murder:—if you want to tell a
Story that's really full of push and go,
You ought to find the body in a cellar,
Somewhere down East or else in Pimlico.
Then hint about some Chinese crooks who farm a
Dope factory in Peckham or Pekin:
"The Force" can't find a Chink within their armour;
So this is where your Amateur comes in!
Let him be care-free, like a Bulldog Drummond,
Who in two ticks can solve what foils two 'tecs;
So powerful that, merely by his thumb and
Finger, he's always dislocating necks!
Love interest it's vital that you must have.
Shove in a girl who to the hero's staunch;
Then get her trapped by "Spike" or "German Gustave,"
Who whisks her off in some swift motor launch!
Here is your plot: there's just one other item;
Gustave, of course, turns out to be Wun Lung,
Who hates the P'lice and wants to dynamite 'em;
But anyhow the bally lot get hung!
Then let the curtain (roughly, Chapter XXX)
Fall on a picture of domestic bliss;
Let Hugh, who by this time has married Gertie,
Hold her in one "Last, Longing, Lingering kiss!"

. . .

FIRST Cockney: "Played Bridge last night and 'ad an 'undred ices."

Second Cockney: "Koo! I wonder you weren't 'arf 'ill!"

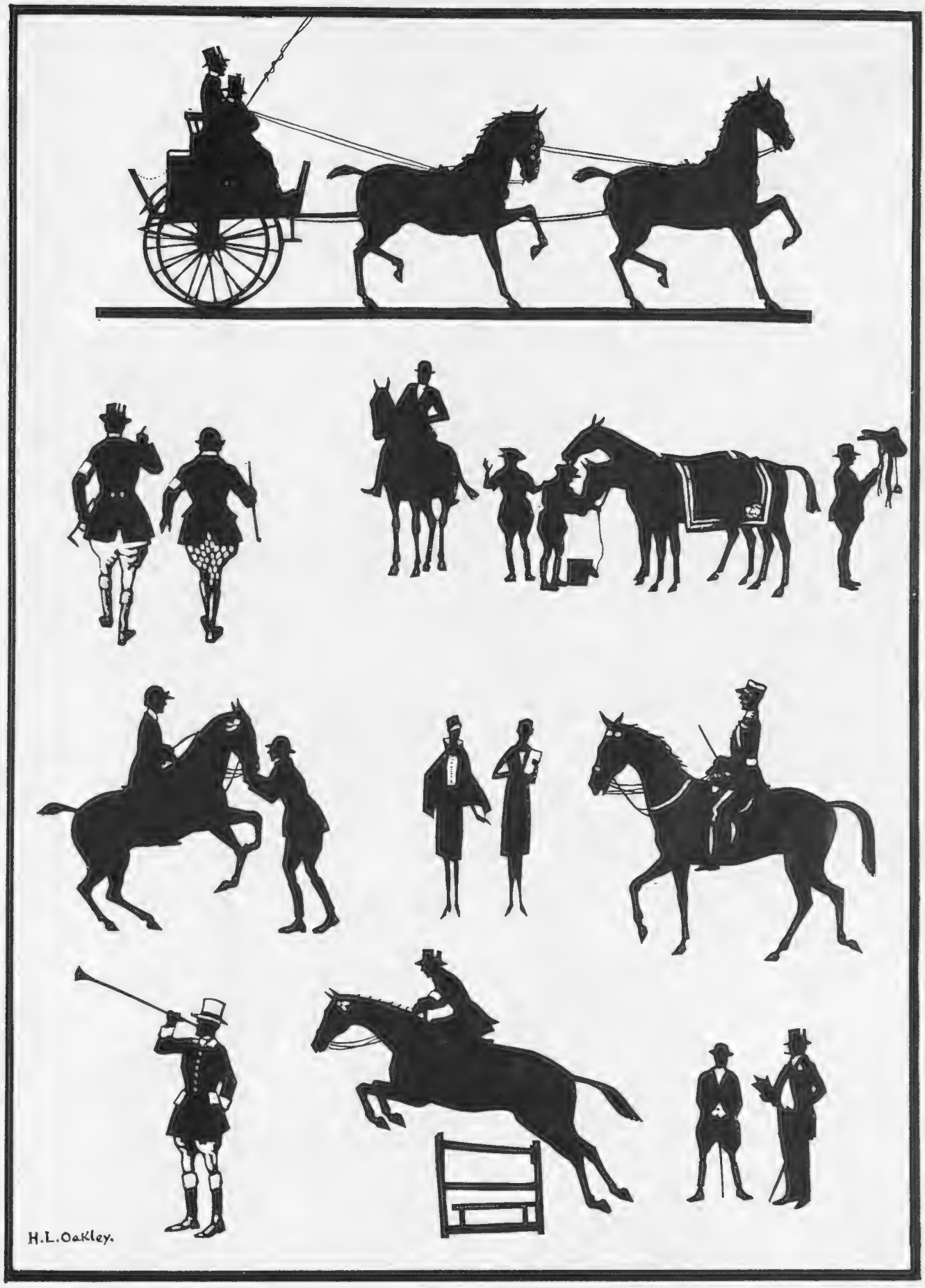
. . .

AN entire French family has been arrested for attempting to commit suicide by drowning. Presumably, the usual verdict, Guilty but in Seine, will be returned.

BY FRED BUCHANAN

HALLUCINATION!

"Snip" Selections from Olympia



BY H. L. OAKLEY

Some sidelights on the International Horse Show snipped with the scissors at Olympia and faithfully recorded in black and white

Other People's Pleasures

WIMBLEDON WAYS

BY DELL LEIGH

ONE of the most amusing pictures you can look at this season (the Royal Academy not excepted) is one I have just seen in Ayres' Lawn Tennis Almanack—F. H. Ayres, Ltd., 111, Aldersgate Street, E.C.—of the Challenge Round at Wimbledon in 1880. This is, of course, the old Wimbledon venue, adjoining the railway line. A "Grand" Stand, rather like a booth at a country fair, and much the same size. People standing round the court, not more than three deep. The ladies in crinolines, or very nearly so, and the gentlemen in tall hats, the back rows standing on chairs and upturned boxes. What shall we say? Three hundred spectators all told. And the tennis net resembling the thing we rig up in the garden of the house we are letting at the seaside to some mug for the month of August, don't you know.

And then that encyclopædia of tennis information, Mr. F. R. Burrow, gives us the most whimsical little tit-bits of lawn tennis history. Here is a lovely one:—Time 1899. (The italics are mine.) "In the eighth game of the fifth set." (Roper-Barrett *v.* S. H. Smith, the former, with his well-known aversion from publicity, appearing as "Mr. Player.") "Mr. Player had extremely bad luck, as a return of Mr. Smith's went well over the base line, but the linesman was most unfortunately not looking *at the game, but at a lovely lady who had just loomed up into the foreground,* and when asked said he was unable to give a decision. The umpire then naturally gave the stroke a let. If an ace had been scored to Mr. Player the score would have been 5/3 in his favour." What history discreetly refrains from recording are details of the expression on Mr. Player's face and the words on his lips. One's imagination supplies all this, especially as he eventually lost the match!

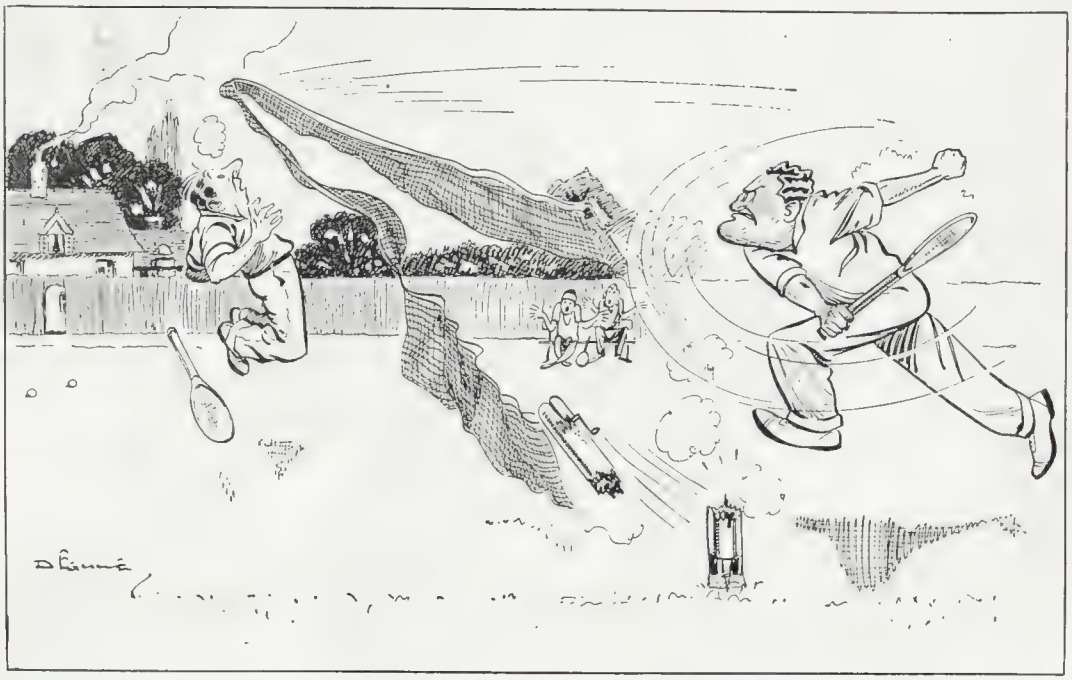
Things were not all roses in the good old lawn tennis days. History relates, in 1879, "complaints were numerous concerning the behaviour of certain of the spectators . . . and about the umpiring." But there is, on the other hand, nothing new under the sun. For, in 1885 was written, "Fancy prices were given not only for seats but for standing room." So the same old wangles were perpetrated even in those respectable and conservative days.

The Americans of those days did not create that sinking feeling in the pit of the—er—in the hearts of the competitors as they do now. In 1892 the American Champion, O. S. Campbell, had the temerity to invade Wimbledon, and he fell to A. W. Gore in the second round. Before the game people all over the ground asked, one gathers, rather superciliously, "*Is he any good?*" He wasn't bad, seeing that he pulled up in the third, and last, set from 5/0 against him, to be beaten 8/6. A stout fellow.

So that in this the Jubilee Year of the Championships it is frightfully interesting to glance in the spirit (hopeless in the flesh, unless you have begged, borrowed, or wangled a seat, Block Q, Row 73, Seat 490) at the Wimbledon of to-day, and absorb its ways, which fill you with a great amazement.

A great social assembly? More than that. A gathering of all the tennis clans (and are they not clannish—phew!), and all the satellites and camp followers of both sexes and all ages; and all the nobility and gentry; and all the player-spectators, who fancy themselves and are fancied by none other than themselves. And the people who *must* make money by betting on every match—and those who must lose money consistently by the same process. (I belong to that clan.) And those who come to show off their frocks—what there is of them—and those who come to look at them covertly and enviously. And the visiting Yanks, like the Dry Goods Merchant I took down last year, who didn't understand the game one little bit, but gave it sententiously as his opinion at the end of a big men's doubles that the whole thing was merely "a matter of system and service."

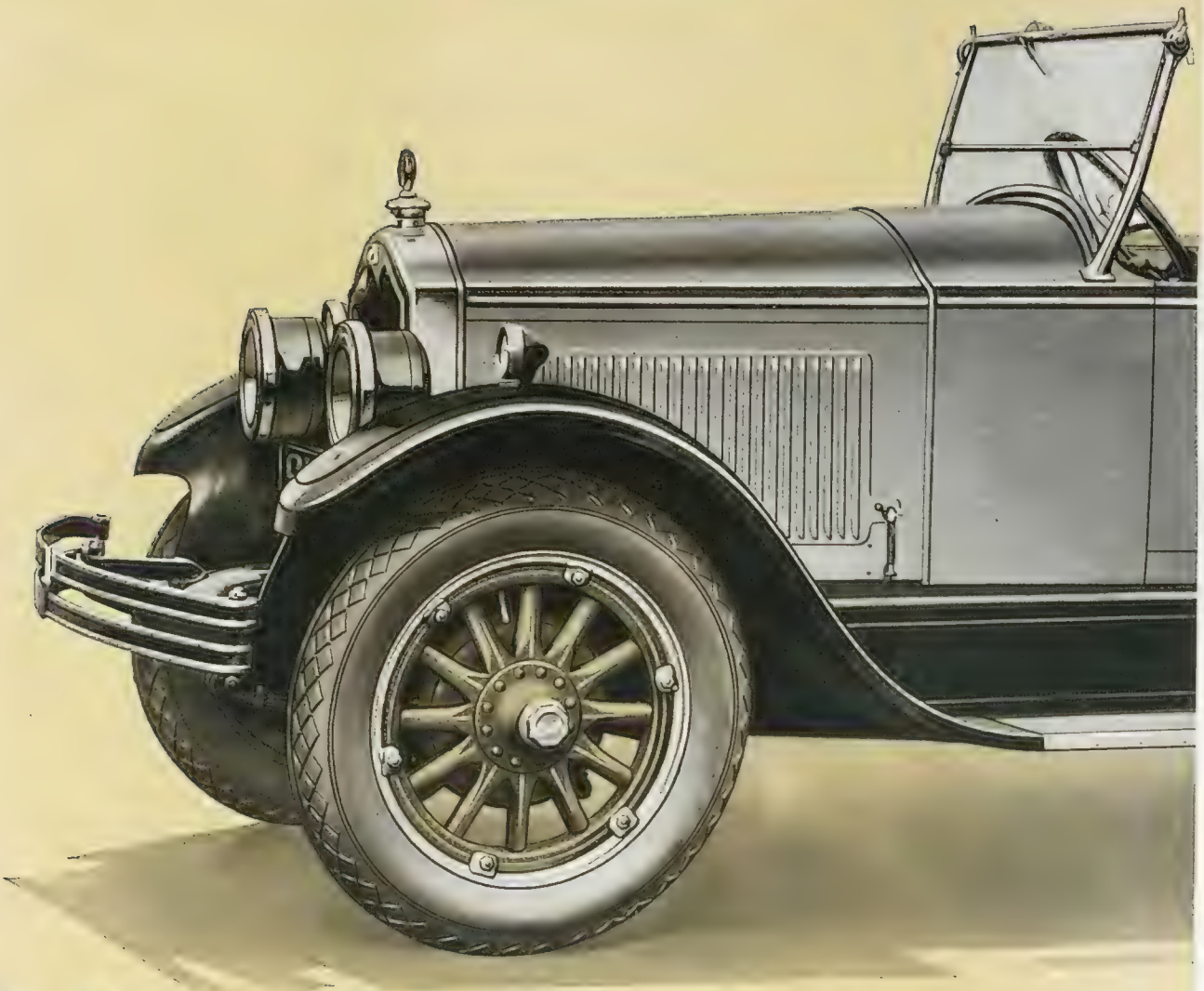
One glimpse at the Centre Court on a Challenge Round day this year—look at it! The tier upon tier of faces, a hundred thousand pebbles they seem, banked up on a beach. The thin smoke haze. The flash and glitter of gay colour, changing every moment as the entranced eye wanders. The immovable green patch of grass, bruised brown at each end. The low dirge of chatter: that monotonous chant of waiting thousands, broken by staccato hand clapping and a more acute restlessness as a knot of white figures and officials appear from the cavity beneath the Royal Box. The strained smiles of the players trying not to expose their jangling nerves too openly. The peeling of sweaters, the grave choice of one of their many racquets—a mere shibboleth since they are all superb—the "knock up," when the very nonchalance of their effortless perfection of strokes fills one with a feeling of envy that is almost malice. The tense silence that precedes the actual game . . . the sharp words of judgment from the omnipotent umpire . . . the ebb and flow of the battle of these giants. The pain I get in the back of my neck, because I am invariably in the centre of the court. But it is worth it. Wimbledon is worth anything—except the price the profiteer asks for his seat at the eleventh hour of your negligence.



BY D'EGVILLE

"NET RETURN!"

"The bud is on the bough, again the leaf is on the tree."



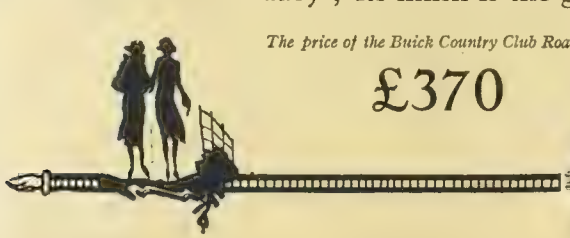
To "Miss 1926"

"MR. 1926" has ceased to be dictatorial about your swing at golf. Mixed doubles are no longer an unmixed curse to him. He forbears to hold inquests upon each hand you play at bridge. But what about motoring, the very breath of modern life? Can you follow him here? Can you drive fast and far as he does, climb the hill, thread the traffic maze, meet the sudden emergency? Can you keep your car in perfect running order?

Yes, you can do even these things . . . . now.

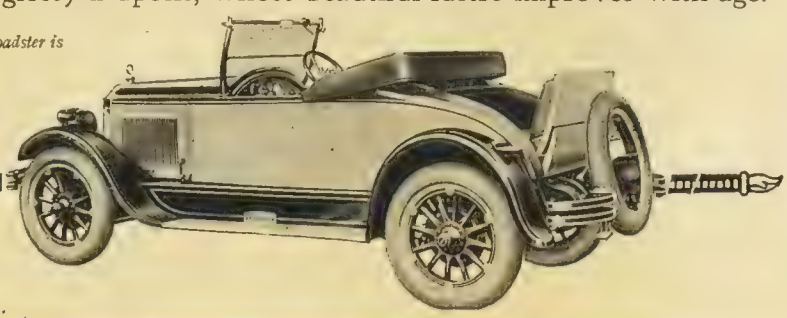
You can own a car that will do all that he dare do, that responds to your lightest touches as readily as to his stronger hands. The Buick Country Club Roadster is indeed a man's car, built for keen men motorists; and, because of that very fact, the right car for the lady driver. Its beautifully balanced engine, sealed against dirt, dust or water, keeps itself in perfect running order.

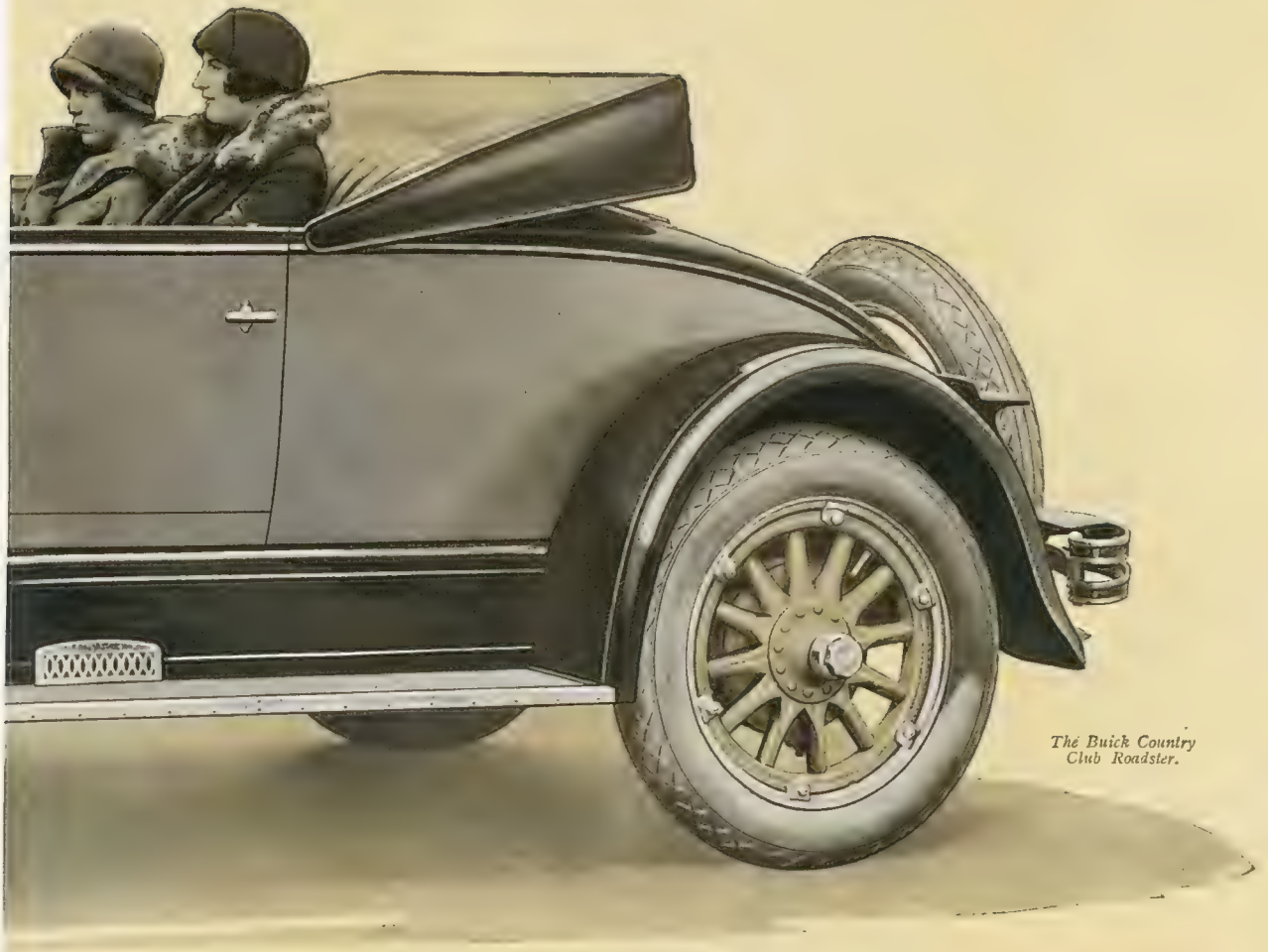
Its lines are clean and racy; its finish is the glossy Dupont, whose beautiful lustre improves with age.



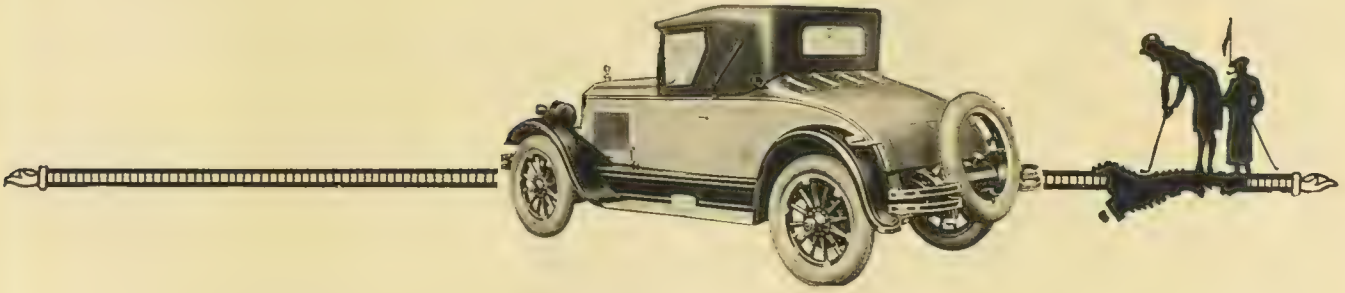
The price of the Buick Country Club Roadster is

£370





The Buick Country Club Roadster.



The singularly handsome rear view of the Country Club Roadster shows the spare wheels and bumpers, the plated bars upon which the hood rests when down, and the large glass panel in the hood. The hood can be raised or lowered by a lady with the greatest ease.

Opened, the dickey provides the most comfortable seating for two passengers. There is ample elbow space, and full leg room, with carpeted floor and foot rest. The hood acts as a wind break, greatly increasing comfort. Three fixed steps render mounting and alighting easy.

The "Majestic" 5-seater Tourer, designed on similar lines, is priced at £375.

It's a relief to drive a Buick

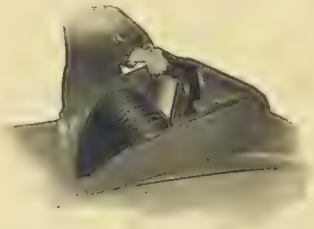
Built in Oshawa Canada.

Buick CANADA

Driving a Buick is positively restful

The ignition and throttle levers, the horn push and the small lever for head-light control, are all compactly placed in the centre of the wheel.

Foot controls, gear lever and hand-brakes are placed so as to require the minimum of movement and effort on the part of the driver. Driving fatigue is unknown in the Buick.



The quickly adjusted rigid side-curtains are handily stored in a locker behind the rear seat.

The back of the hood, containing the large glass panel, can be opened, permitting easy communication with the rear-seat passengers.

Get the "Book of the British Empire Buick"

In this book coloured photographs show the two alternative colour schemes of the Country Club Roadster, as well as the nine other Buick models. The mechanical excellences of the Buick are fully described and illustrated, including the air, oil and petrol filters, which seal the engine against dirt and water.

This book brings you right up to date on modern car construction—a copy is yours, free, for the asking. Write to General Motors Limited, Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9.

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"ON ENGLAND"

(By Stanley Baldwin)

ONE politician always wears
An eye-glass in his eye.
I've often wondered why
He wears that eye-glass in his eye.
His father, as, of course, you know,
Wore that same eye-glass long ago;
So is it, do you think,
Some strange myopic kink?
And does a father's son inherit
His father's failing with his father's merit?

Another politician smokes
An extra big cigar—
Too big for me by far.
Upon the tennis court and yacht,
He smokes until his teeth are hot.
Now is it, do you think,
An effort to appear superior,
Or has he motives more ulterior?

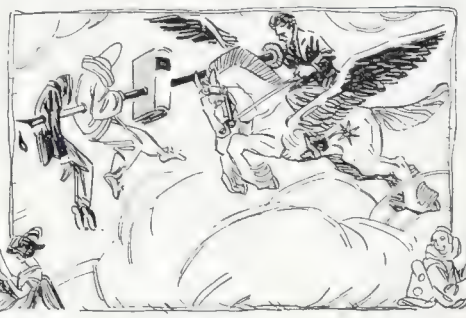
Another politician wears
A comic sort of hat.
Now why does he do that?
Of course, we know it has been said
That Fortune doth affect the head;
So can it be that he
May sometimes find his hat so small
He can't get into it at all?

But Stanley Baldwin's not like that.
He wears a common bowler hat.
He never smokes a big cigar
That is too big for him by far.
He wears no eye-glass in his eye,
He never makes us wonder why!
A plain and honest British type,
Of instinct sound and judgment ripe,
He smokes an ordinary pipe.

A simple man; his simple mission
To rid our England of sedition.
His book is in its tenth edition!

MISS HELEN WILLS

THOUGH captious critics
Fume and fret,
Because I tender
My regret
Upon a page
Which, I must own,
Has been reserved
For men alone:
For once we've got
To raise the ban—
You're quite as good
As any man!



"R.S.V.P."

THE Vaudeville was getting old,
Its race was nearly run;
And all the Mr. Gattis said
That something must be done.
They met in solemn conclave, and
They said: "'Tis very plain
That we shall have to pull it down
And build it up again."

They scrapped the little Vaudeville,
They built it all anew,
And then the Mr. Gattis said:
"And now what shall we do?'
Till Mr. Rocco Gatti cried:
"Myself, I would not dare
To start without a new revue
By Archibald de Bear."
The other Mr. Gattis smiled
And everybody said
There was no doubt that he had hit
The nail upon the head.
For Mr. Archibald de Bear,
The Mr. Gattis knew,
Was London's great authority
On intimate revue.
Then Archie sent a telegram
To Mr. Robert Hale,
And all the Mr. Gattis knew
They simply couldn't fail.
Next Mimi Crawford came along,
And J. H. Roberts, who
Now makes his first appearance in
An intimate revue.
Joyce Barbour, Annie Kasmir with
Her comic "Kinkie Kids"—
I'd mention "Mumble Bumble," too,
But modesty forbids!
And that is how the Vaudeville
Became so nice and new;
And how the Mr. Gattis got
Their last and best revue.

RACING NOTIONS

By "Carbine"

Brilliant Ascot

Ascot did not fall below its customary brilliance in the matter of first class racing, and though we had the usual number of staggering surprises no lover of good sport would have cared to miss an hour of the Royal meeting. Appropriately enough the climax of interest was reached in the Gold Cup. Everybody knew of the troubles which Solario had been through since his remarkable victory in the Coronation Cup, and it was unreasonable to suppose that this great horse would be absolutely at his best. I am convinced he would have won at Ascot almost as easily as he had done at Epsom but for the set-back which came between the two races. Sir John Rutherford and his trainer naturally have the utmost faith in their horse, but nobody knew better than they did the adverse conditions under which he was running last week. You can imagine, therefore, that both of them were heartily relieved when the race was over.

A Fine Performance

You must not run away with the impression that Solario had "nothing to beat" in the Gold Cup. On the contrary, Priori II is the best stayer in France at the present time, and I need hardly remind you that that is where they produce fine stayers. The French colt ran with real distinction, fairly and squarely beating all excepting the favourite. I shall not readily forget the thrill which was experienced when Priori II joined issue with Solario soon after turning into the line for home. For a moment or two it seemed that the foreigner was to get the better of the struggle. Then came the favourite's supreme effort.

A Great Horse

Magnificently handled by Joe Childs, who was seen to great advantage in contrast with his French rival, Solario put forth a wonderful exhibition of gameness and endurance. In a few strides he had asserted his superiority, and he passed the judge's box one of the most gallant winners I have ever seen of this historic race. Rarely has a hero of the Gold Cup more worthily received the ovation which was heartily given to Solario. The real point is that he gained this triumph when only partially fit. The Aga Khan made no mistake when he offered £100,000 for Solario after his success at Epsom. Sir John Rutherford is to be congratulated upon having refused that offer. He possesses the greatest racehorse in the world to-day, and nothing would induce him to part with the colt.

By "The Tout."

MR. AURIOL BARKER

A famous figure in the Polo World. Though he is the oldest player still in the active list, he plays as vigorous a game as many a "young 'un"

The Hunt Cup

I was in no way surprised to see Cross Bow carry off the Royal Hunt Cup, for he was unquestionably the best class horse in the field. In view of the "dead" state of the going, his good staying powers were bound to tell. What is surprising was the manner in which he was neglected in the market. For some reason the impression got abroad that he was inferior at the weights to his stable companion Inca, but those connected with the Manton establishment were under no illusions of this kind, and backed both Cross Bow and Inca for win and place.

The Newcastle Meeting

In the present week the chief meeting is Newcastle. Owing to the coal stoppage it is to be feared that the fixture on the fine course at Gosforth Park will meet with less than its customary measure of success. The racing, however, promises to be attractive enough. Booklet was not brought out at Ascot, so that he should be fresh to compete for the North Derby, and I anticipate his success. The Northumberland Plate on Wednesday may be won by **Tournesol,** who was one of the unluckiest horses at Ascot.

POLO NOTES

By A. W. Coaten

Chequered Season

What a disappointing season! June is the month in which we expect to see polo at its brightest and best, but this time our experiences have been singularly gloomy. Polo managers have been in despair with their grounds riding almost fetlock-deep, and they have had no alternative but to post the melancholy notice at their gates, "No polo to-day!" In the circumstances we can congratulate ourselves that no attempt has been made this summer to drill an international team in London. Undoubtedly the project to practice our next international side in India during the winter is the soundest ever devised, and there are good reasons to hope that the Indian soldiers will be the best-schooled combination yet sent to Meadow Brook.

Indian Finances

Some details regarding the financial side of the undertaking have just come from India. It is estimated that three lakhs of rupees are required, and of this sum one half has already been promised. At current rates a lakh is approximately £7,500. It is stated that the Army has subscribed most generously, and the Indian Polo Association has been promised support from Calcutta and Bombay. It is proposed to open a subscription list at the Imperial Bank of India, Calcutta, to the account of the Army in India Polo Fund. It occurs to me that many old Indian soldiers on the retired list would be glad to have the opportunity of contributing to this Fund. It is clear that financial difficulties will not bar the way to the success of the impending challenge to America.

Champion Cup Week

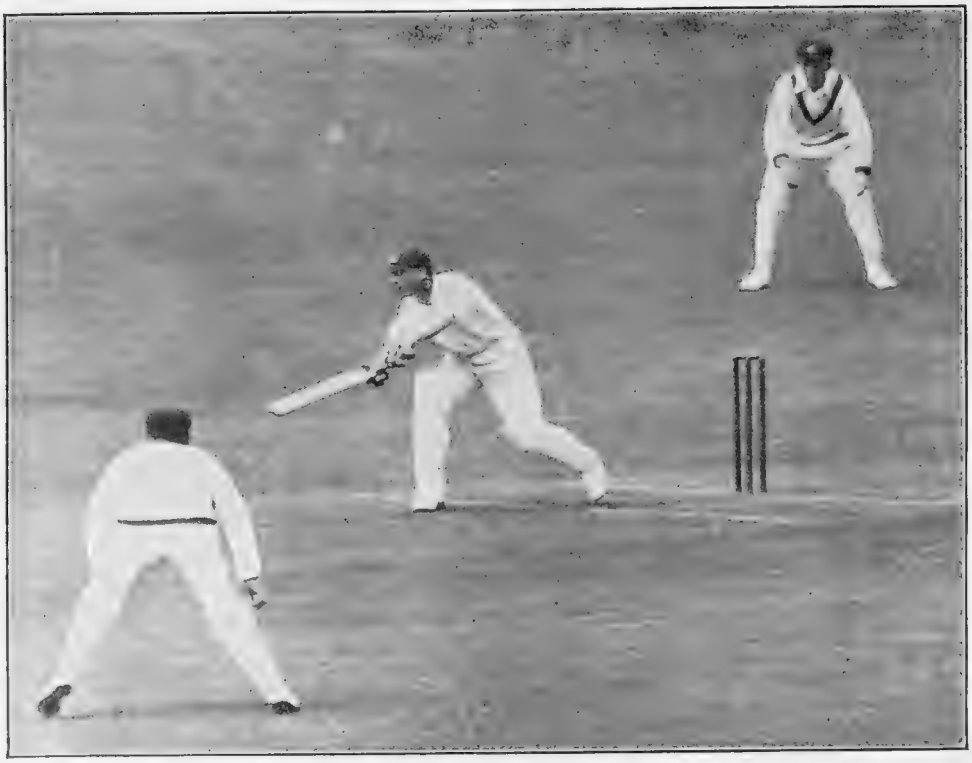
This is the week of the Champion Cup, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the weather will at last take a favourable turn. The concluding stages of the open tournaments at Ranelagh and Roehampton were beset by aggravating postponements, which naturally had the effect of considerably diminishing public interest. The semi-final of the Ranelagh Club had to be played on the evening of the Royal Hunt Cup, so many missed a match they would like to have seen. El Gordo fulfilled expectations by winning, though the Harlequins gave them a remarkably good game. Lord Wodehouse was in excellent form for the losers. In the few matches in which I have watched this player this year he has struck me as having come right back to his best. He is getting great length on the ball, and, well covered by Colonel Wise, he is brilliant in attack as well as steady in defence.

Coming Attractions

It is questionable, however, whether the Harlequins will be able to turn the tables on El Gordo in the Champion Cup. The latter are a splendidly balanced team. The Duke of Peñeranda was in excellent form at Ranelagh last week. The Argentine player Mr. Manuel Andrada proved a most effective substitute at back for Mr. Lewis Lacey, who was standing down owing to a sad family bereavement. Next week we have the semi-finals and the final of the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham. This looks once again to be a foregone conclusion for the 17th-21st Lancers, who have the good fortune to possess a number of brilliant young subalterns to take the place of the old hands in the regimental team. Subsequently there will be an interesting novelty at Hurlingham in the shape of the triangular contest between teams representing the Argentine, the United States, and the Hurlingham Club. Granted reasonably favourable weather, this should be one of the best features of this lamentably chequered season.

"One draught of Worthington to the heart doth tell,
more virtues than a thousand pens do spell."

A Medley of Sport



Central News

BEFORE THE RAIN CAME

Hobbs plays forward to a ball in the first Test Match at Nottingham. Rain stopped play after the first fifty minutes

Sport and General

THE WINNER

Miss Audrey Croft, of Ashford Manor, who won the Middlesex Ladies' Golf Championship at Fulwell

Photographs *Fox*

AT THE ISLE OF MAN MEETING

Two competitors rounding the Ramsey hairpin bend in the race for the Junior Tourist Trophy at the Isle of Man races. The photograph above shows the winner, A. Bennett (left), with W. L. Handley who finished third. Mr. Bennett set up a new record for the race with an average speed of 66·704 miles an hour

From Three Isles

LORDS AND COMMONS AT CRICKET *Bassano*

Players in the recent match between St. Paul's School and the Lords and Commons. The group includes, Lords and Commons: Capt. W. L. Everard, Capt. A Hope, G. H. M. Cartwright, the Earl of Dalkeith, Colonel Horlick, Capt. Hall, General Clifton Brown, Lord Grimthorpe, Viscount Curzon, H. C. Hogbin and E. T. Campbell. St. Paul's School: J. S. Olliff, H. M. Garland-Wells, E. T. Killick N. G. Kershaw, P. Landells, F. D. C. R. Eyles, C. J. Patterson, M. K. Johnston, R. Felton, T. D. B. Kimpton, and A. G. Barnby

Photographs *Sport and General*

AT THE ULSTER CHAMPIONSHIPS MEETING

Miss M. H. Wallis, winner of the Ladies' Open Singles **Mr. H. Lecky, winner of the Men's Open Singles**

These championships were held at Belfast and proved to be an enjoyable meeting for spectators and players alike

Green Grass and Dark Horses

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"At Wimbledon"

LONDON, *June* 21.

DEAR COUSIN—

JUNE hasn't traditionally flamed quite all the time, has she? but all the same, must say I rather think, and am inclined to opine, that she's a decidedly lovable sort of kind of month in her way. Like some of those bad, bad children you can't help adoring, spite of evil deeds, because of their beautiful blue eyes, which even happens with somewhat older persons just occasionally, too—what?

AND what a June, really, you know. Some people have been actually abusing her, I gather, because there was a spot or so of rain at the first Test Match, and all that sort of thing. But can't have it all ways, can you?—and seem to remember times myself, and not so long ago, when we positively groaned because the June sun shone so frightfully furiously that life was utterly unbearable without non-stop ices and electric fans. And did ever anyone ever meet, anyway, such a truly and equally traditionally Leafy June?

THOSE tender greens, those infinitely delectable masses of shimmering and shining, smiling and refreshing symbols of youth that spread themselves in ever more glorious array, like an army of untroubled warriors who never form fours, nor do they even dream of battle, save with the summer breezes, or, for that matter, the driving summer rain, not altogether unknown in these climes. And those last-named contests they seem to win, these days, every time. Not a man drops from the ranks, rage the guns of heaven ever so furiously, and when the bombardment's all over they seem to be stronger and heartier than ever, all washed and brushed up, so to speak, and faces nicely fitted with that schoolgirl complexion to keep on carrying on, and, incidentally, cheer *us* up to proceed further with the daily round, or common task—what?

SUCH sweet and joyful associations there are, too, with June. I couldn't have the heart ever really to find fault with her, even if tempests howled untimely, and my horse that I'd backed should slip at the post because of the completely slithery state of things. Which reminds me, it's Wimbledon this week (where the green grass grows all round, all round), and don't you forget it, because, 's far as I can see, there's going to be quite a lot of entertainment, not to say excitement, thereat, you mark my words!

"Gay uniforms at Olympia"

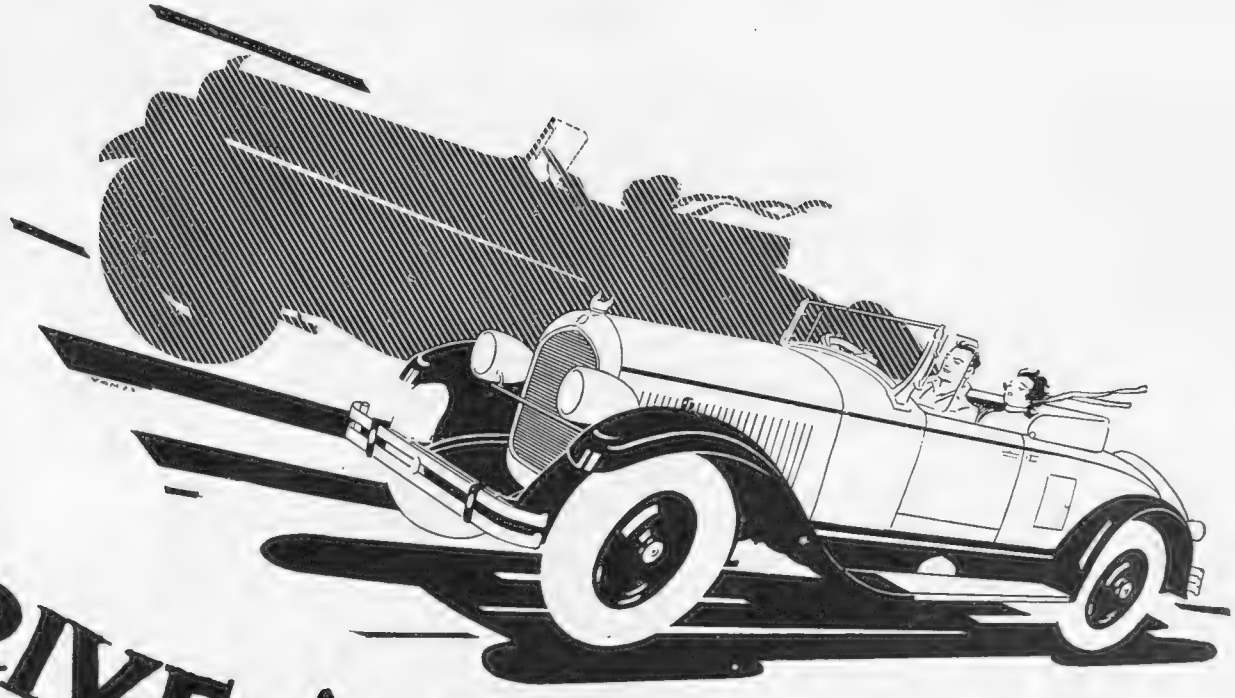
CHIEF and principal part whereof would seem to focus, as they say, around (as usual) the women's side of the affair. Which, of course, these last years has developed into rather a sort of holocaust or burnt offering of various victims all sacrificed before the altar or shrine of the great Suzanne. But this time there actually is for once, and at last, a really-and-truly rival that no one seems to know absolutely all about—the fair Señorita de Alvarez, to wit (nice name). Just won a tournament or so here, she has, of course, besides being champion of Spain, where the Alfonsos come from—Kings of that name, in fact, due here next week, which is all to the good in the way of the jollification of June, as you might say—but let that pass.

BUT what I was going to say was, this girl, even if she's eventually destined to get only the usual three games from Suzanne in the final, if reached, is, at any rate, a dark horse, which is what, methinks, Wimbledon has been sadly needing. I mean, of course, there have been accidents before now, and once, even, when Suzanne was ill, an Englishwoman actually won. But now it seems just on the cards that she *may* have something to beat, in spite of all her wonderfulness.

WHEREAT no one is a greater admirer than your Blanchette, but must say I don't altogether believe in anyone, however marvellous, having it *too* much altogether their own way always. P.S.—But I'm rather afraid Señorita de Alvarez has (shall I say?) seriously prejudiced her chances by being such a looker, as they put it in the U.S.A. Not her fault, of course, but our stunt Press *does* make such copy out of good looks.

A RATHER joyous time, you know, this Wimbledon one—that once, I'm told, used to be just a little affair of a bare week, but's now spread

(*Continued on page* 780)



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Go to a Chrysler dealer—now! Ask him to let you try the 23/75 h.p. Chrysler personally—on the road. He will be proud to place a car at your disposal—without charging or committing you in any way. And then—when you have enjoyed what is one of the greatest thrills of motoring—think that for a first payment of £117 down this car is yours—yours to drive for thousands of miles, day after day, year after year. A Chrysler—*and your very own.*

Write to Chrysler Motors Ltd., Kew Gardens, Surrey, for catalogue and full particulars of the Chrysler instalment plan.

YOU CAN OWN ONE FOR £117 DOWN

HAVE YOU SEEN THE CATALOGUE

into a full fortnight, and *then* there's about a hundred or so people all *battling* for the honour and glory of merely being allowed to compete. No. Am not contending myself—what with one thing and another one's engagement book seems so *terribly* crowded in June—but quite a lot of other distinguished players have had to fight their hardest, apparently, even to be allowed to hand in their money, and buy just a ghost of a chance of figuring for a few minutes on that famous Centre Court.

卐

Also, for once, too, there's rather a darkish horse in for the men's show at Wimbledon, and, what's more, actually a true and *pukka* Englishman to boot. Mr. H. W. Austin, his name is, and he's still quite an infant, but such a bright one that it's just possible, and even more so, that here, too, it may be our painful but also pleasant duty to look out for shocks. Furthermore, and last but not least, the Duke of York's playing—which is, I believe, the very first time that Royalty's gone in for the Blue Riband, as they call it, of the lawn tennis world. And very nice, too.

卐

Such a homely-ish sort of meeting Wimbledon still is, too, in its way, spite of the super-enormousness of the arena, which always reminds me so of the Coliseum at Rome, though said Ancient Monument is ever so much smaller, I'm sure. A quiet tea-party affair, I mean, and lacking the sparkle of the Horse Show at Olympia, with its gay and colourful uniforms and prancing steeds. And very, *very* few people, methinks, ever go there *except* to watch the game, seeing that there's no counter-attractions whatsoever, which helps, meseems, to keep away, at any rate, some of the newest newly rich.

"That schoolgirl complexion"

"The proper purpose of a play being to amuse"

卐

Something rather quiet and tea-party-ish occasionally needed, too, now and then, to keep us from falling all to bits these crowded June days. When people seem to be giving dances positively in droves, and there's a *première* somewhere every other night, and so many supper parties and things of sorts around, the positively only way to keep your appetite (*and* figure) is sternly to refuse yourself any kind of dinner or proper staid-and-solid Victorian meal—dine off a boiled egg and a cocktail, and make up for it later on at the new after-theatre show at the Piccadilly or the just-invented "Chez Nous" at the Cavour.

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Talking of theatres, by the way, a really rather nice effort in that line now proceeding at the Playhouse, *Caroline* by name. Which is an ancient comedy (nearly a whole ten years old, and you know how these things do date). But with such a star cast, including Irene Vanbrugh, and Marie Lohr, and Edith Evans, and Aubrey Smith, and Henry Daniell, and one or two more, that somehow one can't help feeling, while safely ensconced in stall, that it's one of the brilliantest things yet. . . . *Afterwards,* of course, when you talk it all over at supper or somewhere, you perceive the bright hollowness thereof. But, after all, why worry? The proper purpose of a play being to amuse, whatever the highbrows may say, and nothing else really matters. And how boring it might be if Noel Coward, f'rinstance, tried to make his plays about *real* life!

卐

For once a *real* play on, though, at the Everyman, that I saw the other night—called *The Years Between,* and from the French of Jean-Jacques Bernard and all about the half-unconscious jealousy of a mother for her daughter. Accompanied (as tragedies should be, I think) by a farcelet called *Down on the Farm,* where a would-be simple-lifer is defeated by, amongst others, a scientist who's discovered that grass and daisies are full of germs.

A primrose by the river's brim
A clot of sepsis was to him.

Which reminds me, one of the same cheerful sort has just told us that there's cancer in the lipstick, and there's others, of course, who say powder, simply powder, ruins the skin (and, I daresay, gives one rickets, pneumonia and fits)

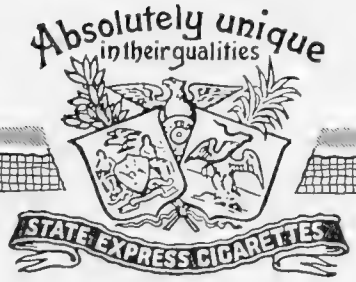
卐

Rather comforting, after which, to hear a few slightly saner remarks—from women, of course. A celebrated girl pastor from America, aged just nineteen, who's all for make-up and short frocks, and says she can't bear to see a row of shiny noses before her when she preaches. Whereat loud cheers, and I'm all for her Eleventh Commandment, viz., and namely, "Thou shalt not be dowdy."

卐

All helps towards a brighter London, methinks, and after all, if you have a night out at the opera you oughtn't to do it in a jumper-suit or plus fours, ought you, any more than you'd have high tea at an A.B.C. in a tiara and gold tissue frock. "Truth is beauty," says Mr. Jacob Epstein (who has yet another intriguing show at the Leicester Galleries, just now), but Clothes aren't *quite* such a simple matter as Art, are they?

With love,
Yours ever,
Blanchette.



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POPPING OVER TO PARIS

By E. P. LEIGH BENNETT

It is curious how seldom you hear a man say "I am going to Paris." He invariably says "I am going to pop over to Paris for a few days." It has become a national phrase. And more curious still is the fact that there is precious little "popping" about it—except for the very few who go by air: and the less "popping" one has then the better for the peace of the mind.

This pop over to Paris, at the moment, is an interesting, if strenuous, business: lightened for me always by a detached scrutiny of my fellow passengers. The Englishman on the move is always an amusing study. Owing to the coal strike there are only two services a day each way just now. This makes no difference whatsoever to the itinerant Briton. He continues to swarm backwards and forwards between London and the gay city of Paris, and the size of this human swarm increases steadily.

To get real amusement out of this highly organised journey over the most dramatic route in the world, namely, Victoria-Calais-Paris, the first thing to do is to get *all* your seats booked well in advance. The second is to register *all* your baggage. Then you can stroll about a free and unencumbered man and thoroughly enjoy yourself.

Although the trains and the boats are now carrying nine to twelve hundred people each trip, there are quite a number of these who don't book their seats in advance, and add materially to the burden and heat of their day in consequence. Why? And the number of those who persistently refuse to register any baggage at all is prodigious and amazing. "No," they say, "I want my stuff with me, thanks." So they encumber themselves and everyone in the vicinity, to the great joy, no doubt, of the army of porters at Dover and Calais, but to their own stress and discomfiture.

Watch the two dog fights at Dover Marine and Calais Harbour. Stroll about, hands in pockets, and study it. A mass of people bulging out of the narrow train corridor doorways, each carrying luggage that bumps everyone and everything. The jostling to find a place on the boat to deposit the dam stuff in such a position on the decks that other scurrying people can, and do, fall over it. The porters all yelling their numbers—everybody's number except yours . . . the anxiety: the frantic searching for him on one side of the ant's nest of a boat, while he searches for you on the other.

The clawing of your "stuff" by the screeching French porter at Calais: the rugger scrum in the *Douane*: ten thousand people seem to have banged sharp edges of "stuff" into your tender corners. You clutch a passport in one hand, a despatch case in the other, a coat and a mackintosh are over your arm, and you have got to get at your keys from the cavern of some pocket or other—the cursed fellow has said "*Ouvrez, M'sieur.*" Why must you "*ouvrez*"? You have got nothing: you have just said "*Reang,*" which means nothing, in French—don't they know an honest man when they see one? And meanwhile all the places for the *premier service* for lunch will have been bagged.

Curious the insensate rush that always takes place on the part of the entire world in Calais Harbour when a boat comes in, although the train is not going for at least half an hour. More curious still the frantic haste of everyone to get out of the train when she hisses into the *Gare du Nord,* although the journey is over and done with.

Almost idiotic, too, the continual omission on the part of quite seasoned travellers to have their passports *viséd* on the boat (with an hour and ten minutes in which to get this done), preferring, seemingly, to squeeze fatiguingly through the passport barrier at Calais—thus adding materially to the miseries of the place. Odd—but extremely insular—how many of us honest Britishers, travelling alone, place our coat on one deck chair on board and our suit-case on another, and then go and sit in the smoking-room while a hundred people stand on the baggage-crowded deck. But we are an incomprehensible race — to the French in particular and to all other races in general who have the honour to travel with us.

Still, I wonder whether honesty *is* always the best policy? I strolled round to the Registration *Douane* at the *Gare du Nord* the other night — there were only seven other people with me, out of a consignment of nine hundred—and declared an opened box of about ninety gaspers. The official in the Bureau eyed me gravely, while another minion weighed the cigarettes.

"*Ah, oui, Monsieur: ça sera trente deux francs cinquante à payer.*"

With the franc at 1¾d., this was about the same price as I had already paid for them in London.

"LE SPORT" AS SEEN AT THE SALON

"Tennis" by Denis Valverane. A picture which has been creating considerable interest in this year's Salon

Here's a way to keep cool

Proper diet will keep you cool in the hottest weather. Horlick's Malted Milk, for instance, if you drink it cold, will give energy for anything you want to do without overheating.

Make Horlick's the basis of a light lunch. It will give you all the vigour you need, yet never make you hot and bothered. Drink Horlick's cold for supper. It soothes heat-jagged nerves and dispels summer-night sleeplessness.

You will like Horlick's—this tasty blend of fresh milk and the choice extracts of malted barley and wheat.

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HW1

The Nursery Handicap

BY CHLOE PRESTON

TWO TO ONE BAR ONE

Enjoy the open air

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A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

SOONER or later, of course, it had to be. If you are a real Professor, even though your name be Stephen Leacock, it is your duty to provide the world with knowledge. You may, in your spare time, amuse people by writing funny things, but your clear duty is to make the civilised world more learned and more cultured and altogether a better thing than it is. And so we have the latest encyclopædia called, charmingly enough, *Winnowed Wisdom* (Lane: 6*s.* net).

Well, I have no hesitation in saying that this new manual of information is the completest and—very fortunately—the most compact work of the kind ever printed. It tells you everything that you could possibly want to know, particularly if, as is most probable, you happen to be a keen man (or woman) of business eager to be a real success. More, it prevents your wasting valuable hours attending night-classes, or listening to popular lecturers, or reading other and longer books of the improving kind. These, indeed, are no longer wanted. Professor Leacock has rendered them out of date.

And what a wide ground he covers! You would hardly believe it possible to boil down so much erudition into so few pages. Shakespeare, evolution, astronomy, and the latest advances in science—all are miraculously compressed into practically nothing. It is simply marvellous. No more will you have the least excuse for not knowing all about Darwin or Mercury or Bacon or—or anything really cultured like that. Here is the whole thing, all ready for use. And if you are not satisfied with mere scholarship, the second section of this extraordinary book explains succinctly all about modern politics, and the next war, and how to treat foreigners, and all the usual topics of conversation amongst really enlightened folk.

Then there are valuable studies in the newer culture; and I cannot imagine how any of us have managed to get along without them. The Professor's little hints are invaluable, whether he is telling you how to behave at table, or how to appreciate summer, or how to tell a fishing story without being disbelieved, or how to enjoy the amenities of travel. Indeed, there never was such a book before, and it is absurd that a man who can help on the whole world in this way should be permitted to remain hidden away in some Canadian township—he tells us all about it in his book—teaching a few students how to be politically economical. He ought at least to be in the Cabinet, or earning huge international sums in Geneva.

"A COLLEGE Joke to Cure the Dumps." You used to read these words on the cover of *The Granta*—I dare say they are still to be seen there—and they admirably describe Mr. Anthony Armstrong's new novel, *Patrick, Undergraduate* (Stanley Paul: 3*s.* 6*d.* net). Patrick is surely the cheeriest and rashest undergraduate who ever had rooms in Trinity Great Court. He is of the impressionable type of young man, and he also owns one of those prehistoric cars which ought to be called horseless carriages. And when he falls madly in love with a photograph in one of the illustrated weeklies you know that as soon as term has ended he will have the most lunatical adventures.

And, of course, he does. Mr. Armstrong—the "A.A." of *Punch*, by the way—cares not a jot about the probabilities: he is out to give Patrick the time of his life. He lures the young man into one strange house after another; he brings him into contact with policemen who are attempting to do their duty, and crooks masquerading as Chinese conjurors and American detectives, and haughty dowagers who accuse him of all sorts of crimes, and charming young ladies who succumb to his charms. He leads Patrick into the tightest of tight corners, and then leaves him to extricate himself as best he can. And all the while you are chuckling at the absurdity of everything. It really is the maddest of frolics, and all most wittily done.

THE detective of fiction and the detective of fact do not always resemble one another, but after reading ex-Chief Inspector Charles Arrow's book, *Rogues and Others* (Duckworth: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), I am inclined to think that they share at any rate one thing in common: their exploits can make very good reading. Here, however, the curtain is rung up on a real stage, and you are invited to witness real dramas not one whit less thrilling than those which the novelists have invented.

Mr. Arrow explains that in writing his book he has had particularly in his mind the young policeman who wishes to turn detective. It must be an exciting enough profession. There are all sorts of worries and disappointments in it to be faced, but the rewards are all the sweeter. His own career of success, it may be, will not be too easily followed, but his book should certainly do much to fire a young man's ambition. And as for those of us who are quite content to keep as far away from the police as the motoring laws will allow us, we may thank Mr. Arrow for giving us such a pleasant insight into the ways of Scotland Yard and its great ones.

YOU must meet Mr. Wantage and his friends, Lady Milbanke, Lady Anning, and Mrs. Cecil Wainwright. They are all to be found in Mr. Peter Traill's new book, *Under the Cherry Tree* (Faber and Gwyer: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). This is not so much a novel as a series of polite and most amusing episodes (or shall we say "conversations"?) in the sadly idle life of a fashionable young man-about-town. You will certainly like Mr. Wantage, even though he does no work, and you will admire Mr. Aubrey Hammond's portraits of him and his friends. And you will be delighted when he ceases to be a bachelor, and wish that Mr. Traill had told you something of his married life. But perhaps he will. Mr. Wantage certainly deserves another volume to himself.

THE ASHES IN ENGLISH HANDS—*PRO. TEM.*

Hobbs (left), Sandham, Quaife, Strudwick, Ducat and Smith inspecting the famous Ashes, which are not fabulous after all. They were brought to England by Lord Darnley, who was captain of the victorious team which visited Australia in 1882. The Ashes can be seen at the "Morning Post" Exhibition of Decorative Art, which is now open at the Central Hall, Westminster

2,000 Miles
is a long, long way

An energetic crow would only travel 2,000 miles in flying from Africa to Iceland; only 1,500 miles from London to Constantinople. Railway fare for four adults for 2,000 miles would cost £50 at third-class rate.

But a 9/20 h.p. ROVER has covered 2,007 miles on an outlay of £5, under Royal Automobile Club observation

The £5 paid the cost (at retail prices) of all the items necessary to keep the car running on the road, but did not include the wear and tear of tyres or car. The car was chosen at random by R.A.C. Officials from a stock of 24 cars at the Coventry Works. A load equivalent to four 10-stone passengers was carried throughout. No repairs or adjustments were effected during the trial. Petrol consumption averaged over 40 miles per gallon.

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"Ye know . . . ." said Mr. Peebles . . . . "your beef is excellent . . . . and the twopenny is undeniable ; but it is small swipes . . . . with your leave I'll try your black bottle."

. . . . Peter got possession of the bottle by the neck . . . .

"Mr. Fairford elder, your good health . . . Mr. Alan Fairford, wishing you well through your arduous undertaking" (another go-down of the comfortable liquor). "And now, though you have given a tolerable breviate of this great lawsuit . . . . (here's to ye again, by way of interim decreet), yet ye have omitted . . . . the arrestments."

RED GAUNTLET, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

There is another "comfortable liquor" which would have pleased mightily the trained and catholic taste of Peter Peebles, and that is mellow Black & White. A very good whisky, indeed, Black & White, and one worthy to pour out as a libation for the success of any enterprise. Peter Peebles was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

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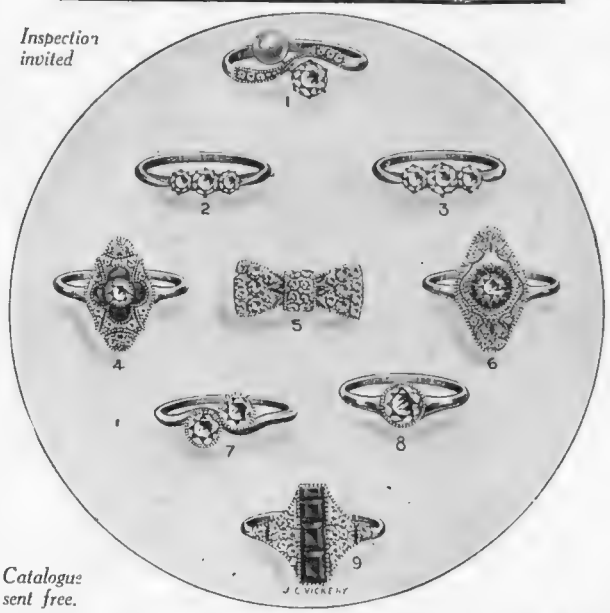

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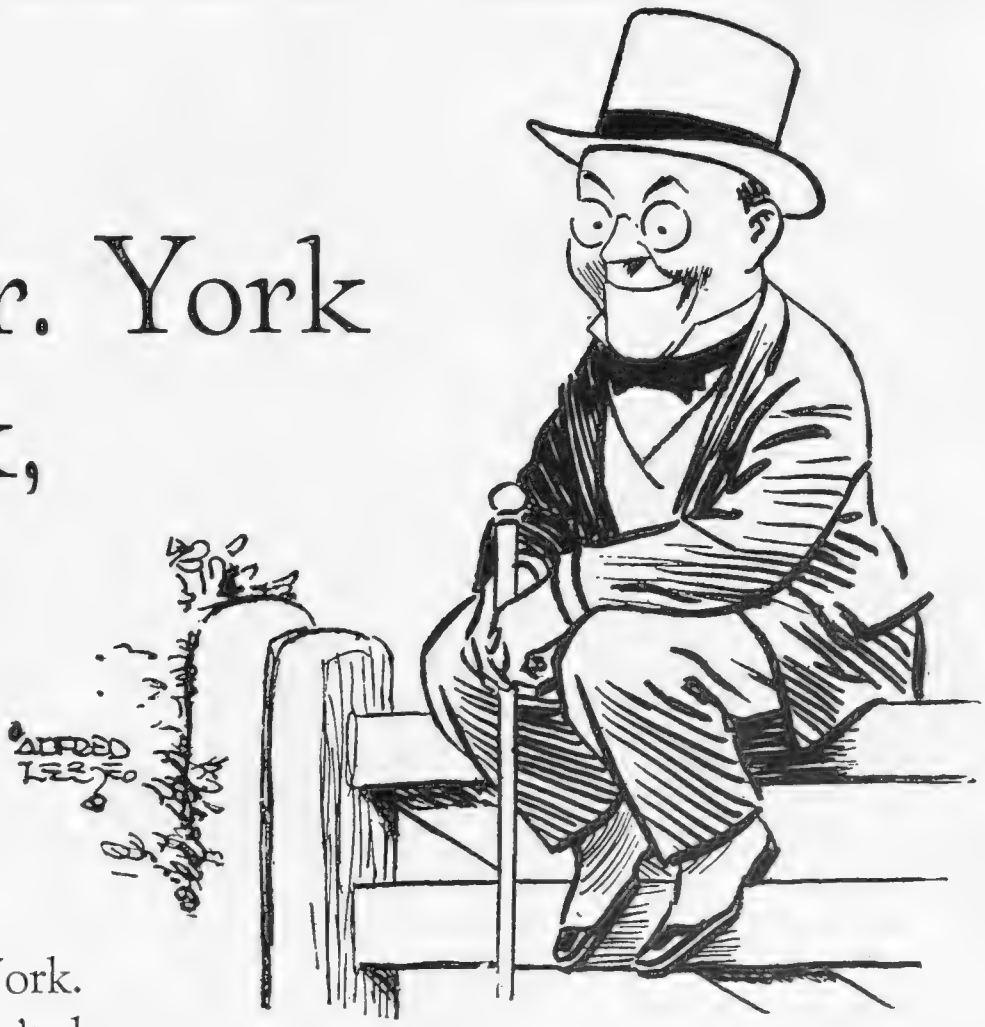

—and I'm proud of York. Take chocolate. I don't know *how* many improvements in chocolate have been due to that great York firm—Rowntree's.

They are always bringing out something new and better—and their latest is a really splendid eating chocolate. It's just because I'm sure you'll like it that I want to introduce you to my namesake—Rowntree's Plain York. It's real sterling chocolate, easy to break, thick enough to bite on, yet smooth and melting.

Slip a cake in your pocket when you're out for a long walk or motor drive. Plain York will turn a biscuit into a meal, and you can eat quite a lot without increasing your thirst.

Just mention my name to the girl at the shop. Say "Plain York"—she'll know what you mean.

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BYSTANDER BRIDGE

THOSE AMERICAN DOUBLES

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Oh, those American doubles! What sighs, sorrows, doubts, qualms, and quarrels they cause! Wherever you go you come across them. Your partners bludgeon you with them.

In the first place, nine out of ten of the ordinary players one meets use the doubles all wrong. They have got confused and distorted ideas on the matter. They double when they shouldn't, and they don't double when they should. Some of them double for the mere sport of the thing without rhyme or reason, putting their unfortunate partners under the hammer all the time.

. . . . . .

I thought by this time most regular players—club players, at any rate—would have learnt something about these doubles; but in spite of all that has been written about them they don't appear to have done so. In fact, I consider doubling is wilder now than when first these conventions were introduced. As a rule, the weaker the player the more he loves the informatory doubles. As one player remarked to another: "Well, sir, if that is your idea of an *informatory* double, all I can say is that you ought to be—er—in a *reformatory*."

. . . . . .

One of the prevalent illusions is that an informatory double always *must* be taken out. But that is not the case at all.

By this perverse and pernickety system it is true that the worse your hand the more necessary the "take-out"! If you have "rags," you must take out. But if you are strong and can see a substantial penalty, the best thing is to leave in the double.

This is most excellent advice if only you can trust the doubler. Unfortunately, more often than not you can't. The consequence is that the double frequently results in "forced" bids, which are all to the advantage of the bidder who has been doubled.

The true inwardness of the informatory double is to promote partnership and find out (by means of the double) the best declaration for the two hands. But does it succeed in this? Very seldom, because most of the doubles are bad, and when they are not bad the result they achieve would have been arrived at without their aid at all.

This applies especially to the double of "One No-Trump," which is the most abused of all the doubles. The doubler of "One No-Trump" announces in the language of Bridge:

"Partner, I have a No-Trumper myself, but my opponent has forestalled me. I shall be glad to hear from you what you can do in the matter. Therefore, indicate your longest suit, or, if you please, bid 'Two No-Trumps.'"

Theory, splendid; but how often the execution is bad! First of all, the doubler often has not a No-Trumper at all. He is dazzled by the appearance of a few high cards. He doubles. His partner takes him out into "Two Clubs" on four to the 9.

He has three to the Ace in Clubs, so he goes "Two No-Trumps," is doubled (a business double this time), and down he goes.

Or suppose the double is a genuine one, and partner takes out. The result is often most disappointing. Instead of the hands being played to the best possible bid, they are often played in the worst. Why?

Because the doubler seldom knows whether his partner's "take-out" is strong or weak. It may be either. If it is strong he does not want to interfere with it, even if it does not fit his hand. If it is weak, he does not dare to.

. . . . . .

All this might seem to indicate that I hate, loathe, and despise informatory doubles. That is not so. In actual fact, I rather enjoy them.

But the point I want to rub in is that, badly used, as they are in most cases, they are a most dangerous weapon. It is like children playing with a loaded gun. Properly used, they can be of great value. But the occasions on which they can be properly used are comparatively rare. You may play many rubbers without an occasion.

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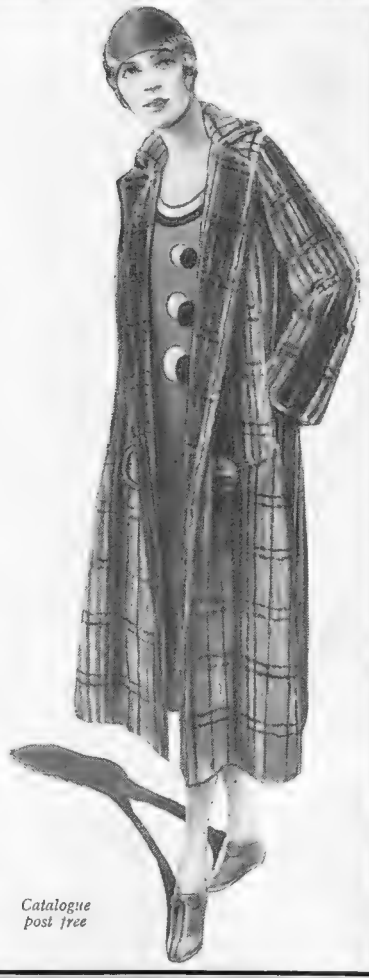

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"PROPER" CONTROL"

A NEWCOMER FROM HOLLAND

By "THE KENNELMAN"

WOKING has a Dog Show to-day (Wednesday), the profits of which go to the British Legion. Taunton's championship Show is fixed for to-morrow, Salisbury's for next Wednesday, and that of Brockenhurst—a delightful theatre for all concerned—a week later, on the 30th. Another Show arranged for to-day is to be held in the open at Exeter, and will include the summer Show of the Alsatian League and Club.

With the possible exception of a few cranks, Dog owners and Dog-less folk are agreed as to the justice of British law in demanding that people who keep Dogs should be held responsible for their being under proper control. But apparently there are differences of opinion as to precisely what constitutes "proper control," the owners of certain Alsatians, for example, claiming that any Dog who responds promptly to his master's call, however absorbingly engaged, is thereby proved to be under the right sort of control. This argument is, of course, made ridiculous where one of the animals in question is found guilty of attacking an innocent passer-by in the street. The word "control" must be interpreted in the light of common sense and common weal. The policy of the friend of Dogs must be that of preventing Dogs from giving any real ground of complaint even to their least tolerant critics. And it cannot too often be insisted upon that, no matter what his pedigree, no Dog is truly well bred who is not also well behaved. Bad canine manners reflect quite as much discredit upon a Dog's owner as upon the animal, for British Dogs are strongly predisposed to good behaviour, and in their own conduct reflect the manners and character of the humans with whom they live.

Between eighty and ninety distinct breeds and varieties of Dogs are officially recognised in this country, but there are always enthusiasts ready to prophesy wide popularity for a new sort. The latest foreign variety to claim support in England is the Keeshond, or, as he is known to some, the Dutch Barge Dog; a name which has apparently misled several readers of these Notes into confusing him with that well-established little Dutchman, the Schipperke; the smart, black, alert, almost tailless "skipper" or caretaker of many a Dutch canal boat, and a favourite in many British homes, too. The Keeshond is a totally different Dog, more nearly resembling a small Chow, or one of the old-fashioned Pomeranians, or Spitz-dogs, with a dense, soft coat, wolf-grey in colour, with light and dark shadings. His bushy tail is carried with a pronounced curve, a characteristic, by the way, that has been shared by many of the varieties which have won favour during the past few decades.

A well-known breeder of Irish Wolfhounds writes:—"When experts write for laymen they should carefully qualify general statements so as to avoid dangerous misinterpretation. The objection to doctors writing for the lay Press lies in the misapplication of their dicta. The lone spinster starving herself on lentils and orange pips is confirmed in her foolishness by some generalisation aimed at paunchy folk who dig their graves with their teeth in rich snacks between four daily feasts. So the canine expert writes that meal *well soaked* in broth mixed with a little meat makes a satisfactory diet; and the novice is thereby set in his deadly conclusion that Dogs should be fed on slops. Therefore, dear 'Kennelman,' be tireless in your advocacy of minced raw meat and no more than 50 per cent. starches in the hard, dry forms that demand mastication."

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ROBINSON'S "patent" BARLEY

MOTOR NOTES

THE 24 hours road race held at Le Mans ended in a sweeping victory for Lorraine-Dietrich cars, first, second, and third places falling to this make. The British contingent, consisting of three Bentleys, had extraordinarily bad luck, each of them having to retire for little troubles which they had not previously experienced. The record of this make in all previous races of the series shows that this must be their unlucky year.

***

THE motor cycle races in the Isle of Man did not attract the usual crowd of visitors, owing to restricted transport, but the racing itself was of a very high order. Record speeds were attained, and this was partly due to improvements in the road surface and partly to engine developments. It is amazing to a car driver the way these small engines stand up to their work. They are running at a high rate of speed all the time, but mechanical trouble was very rare. Gear changing was brutal—a swift snatch at the gear lever or a quick kick seeming to be all that most of the riders did.

IN A SYLVAN SETTING

A camping party settling down to the evening meal. The caravan is one of those made by Eccles Motor Transport, Ltd., of Gosta Green, Birmingham

THE Rover £5-Trial finished with a mileage of 2,007. It will be remembered a 9-20 h.p. Rover was chosen from stock by the R.A.C., and was then run on the road until £5 was exhausted in the purchase of petrol, oil, etc. This mileage is remarkable, as there are few motorists who would say off-hand that a 9-20 h.p. car with four up could exceed 2,000 miles for an outlay of £5.

***

FOR the Grand Prix of the R.A.C., which will be held at Brooklands on Saturday, August 7th, thirteen entries have been received to date. These are made up of four Talbots, three Delages, two Thomas Specials, an Aston Martin, a Ford, an Eldridge Special, and an Alvis. The Competitions Committee of the R.A.C. is now considering the actual course that will be used for the race. A number of acute bends will be incorporated, and, if possible, the competing cars will be kept in the public view throughout the race. The distance will be approximately 300 miles.

***

THOSE who have preconceived ideas concerning the respective advantages of magneto and battery ignition should make a point of securing a booklet bearing the intriguing title of "Specifications *do* Count." It is published by Delco-Remy and Hyatt, Ltd., who are responsible for the Delco-Remy coil ignition in this country. A study of this booklet, which is fully illustrated, will show a large number of the *pros* as against the *cons* which are sometimes advanced. A copy may be obtained on application to 111, Grosvenor Road, London, S.W.1.

(*Continued on page 798*)

Tour the Country—in a Bean

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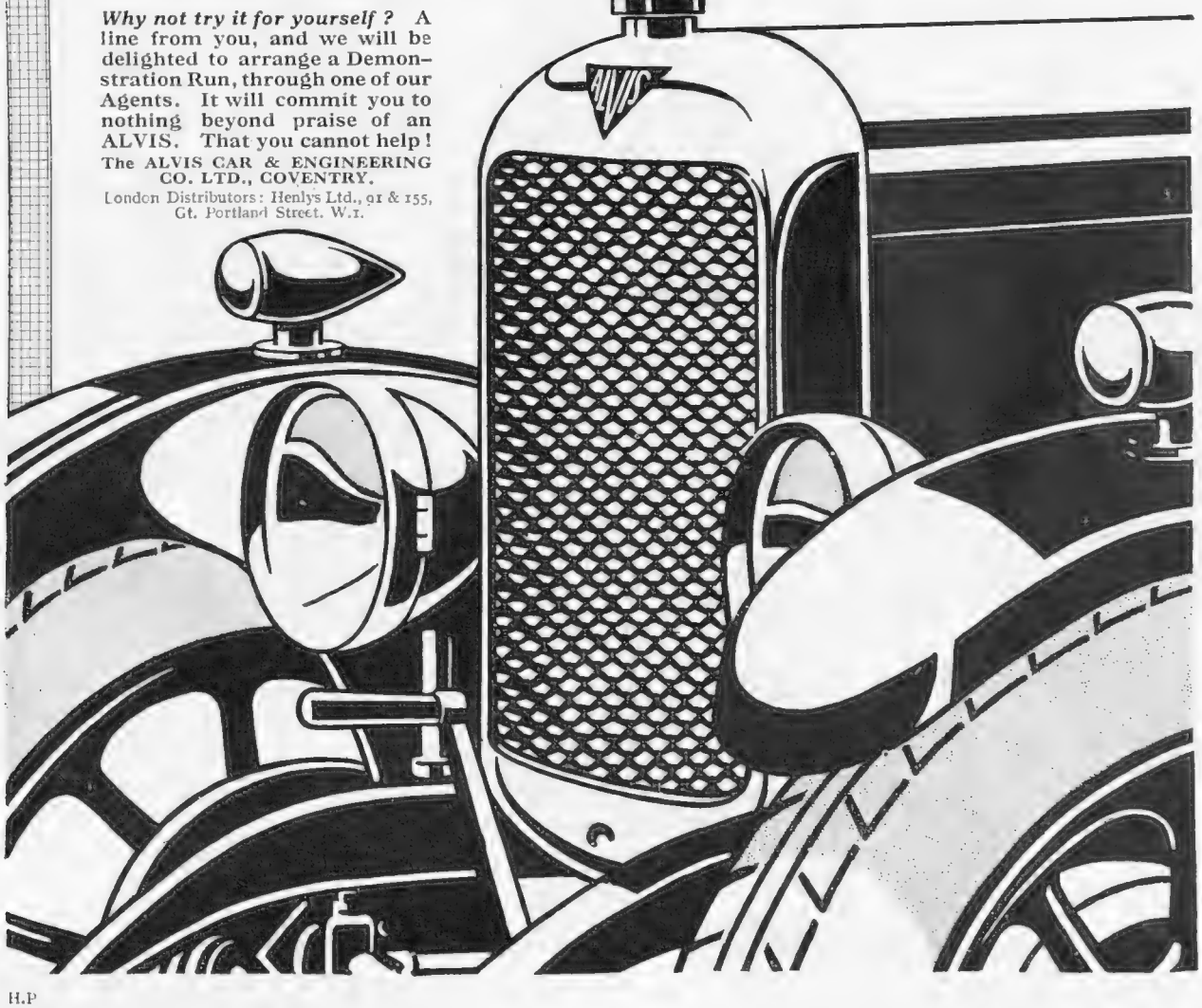

H.P

THE best judge of a car's worth is the private user. The maker may think that he knows all there is to know, but it is the man who owns one and has to look after it himself who finds out any weak points. In this connection I have received a large number of letters from satisfied users of the 14 h.p. Crossley, and judged from these expressions of opinion of satisfied private owners the Crossley must be a very good car indeed. Fuel consumptions of 30 m.p.g. are quite common. Several users have covered over 10,000 miles without an adjustment or a repair, even to the tyres, both at home and abroad. It must be gratifying to the makers to have such a staunch body of users, as the best advertisement of any car is a satisfied owner.

* *
*

I AM moved to speak about tyres. A few seasons ago the balloon tyre suddenly burst upon us, and was welcomed as a godsend by those makers who had little reason to be proud of their springing. One season's hard usage on the wheels of private owners' cars showed that there were several flies in the ointment. The thin walls would chafe and burst, while the maintenance of the correct pressure was a wearisome job. Thereupon the astute tyre manufacturer took counsel with himself and evolved a type of tyre which is now giving every satisfaction. While not admitting the shortcomings of the balloon, the manufacturer produced a tyre which combined the good points of the balloon with those of the high pressure. Thus the modern tyre may be described as a large-section medium-pressure tyre. It is not so sensitive to pressure variations as the balloon, and is considerably more lively. All that now remains to be done is to produce a tread which, while a good non-skid, is really silent in its operation. It is rather absurd that all the efforts of the car manufacturer to produce a silent car are negatived by a set of noisy tyres.

A TOURING TRIAL

The Willys Knight Sleeve-Valve Six touring car photographed during its successful attempt on the Spanish 24-hour record for standard touring cars. With weights equivalent to six 9-stone passengers, in addition to the driver, it covered 1,164 miles at an average speed of 49 m.p.h.

MOTORISTS are nowadays showing an ever-increasing tendency to extend the length of their journeys and to get off the beaten track in search of pastures new. Exploring is delightful, of course, but it can easily become something of an ordeal to the foolish motorist who fails to take the very simple precaution of arming himself with a really reliable road map before setting out on a voyage of discovery. There are, of course, many road maps, good, bad, and indifferent, on the market, but the revised maps of England and Wales, published by *The Autocar*, stand well to the front of the first category.

* *
*

THESE maps, which have been brought up to date to embody the various new roads constructed since the war, are to the scale of eight miles to the inch, and both main and secondary roads are indicated on them. These maps are supplied in two styles (*a*) as a hanging map mounted on rollers and varnished, price 15s. net, by rail 16s., and (*b*) as a folding map, consisting of two sections, Northern and Southern, supplied in cloth case, price 15s. net, by post 15s. 6d. These maps may be obtained from the publishers, Iliffe and Sons Ltd., Dorset House, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4.

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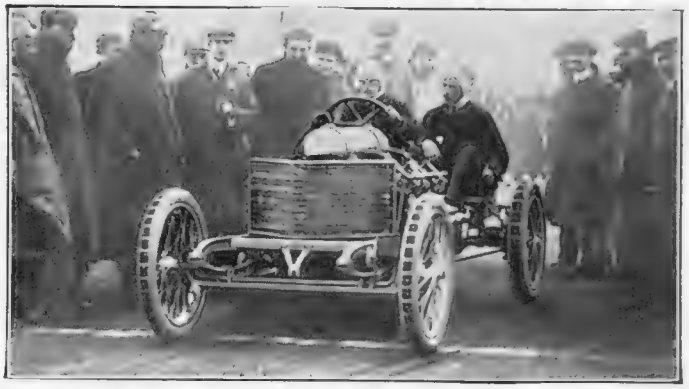

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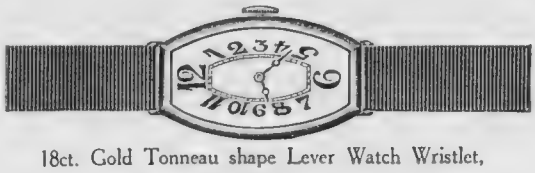

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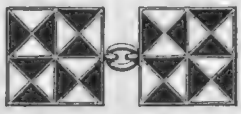

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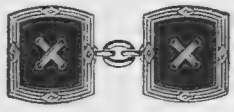

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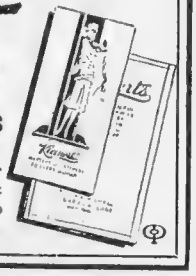

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OUR ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE will be sent post free on request.

BL16
SMART "WALPOLE" TAILORED TENNIS FROCK of good quality ivory Jap spun silk. Whilst it is designed to reveal the latest silhouette and waistline, the short sleeves and wide box-pleats in skirt ensure all the freedom necessary for sports. A perfectly made model, practical for washing, durable for wear. SALE PRICE **37/6**

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We shall be pleased to despatch orders by the New Inland Cash-on-Delivery Parcel Service, and to pay all fees in addition to carriage.
WE PAY CARRIAGE within the British Isles.

BL10
DAINTY FANCY VOILE "WALPOLE" FROCK
The fancy voile composing this engaging model is most striking in any of the following colour schemes: White ground with Saxe, Tangerine or Cherry; dark grounds of Saxe, Green, Cherry, Mauve and Black with various coloured designs. Rouleaux and tie of plain Voile to tone, and tucked White Voile vest are distinctive introductions SALE PRICE **29/6**

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"I find the lingering fragrance of your Soirée perfume delicate, dainty and exclusive. A delightful perfume such as this forms a valuable acquisition to feminine charm, and I derive great pleasure from its use."

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LIVERPOOL. 14 LORD ST.

FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

STUDIED SIMPLICITY

This jumper-suit, by Gooch, Ltd., of Brompton Road, S.W., depends for its success on superfine *crêpe de Chine*, colour, and immaculate workmanship. The skirt is pleated in sections, and the jumper turns up at the base with a loose hem

Sketch by Betty Nisbet

The Jumper-suit Still on the Crest of the Wave

No amount of familiarity can breed contempt for the *crêpe de Chine* jumper-suit. It is the generally accepted and approved stand-by for every sort of occasion, albeit there are some that take a higher status than others by reason of their colour, quality, and the unique character of the pleated skirt—a remark that is enforced by the illustrated model sketched at Gooch, Ltd., Brompton Road, S.W. Of a delicate peach hue, the *jupe* is finely pleated in sections, the jumper turning up at the base with a loose hem, the neck cut in a V finished by a knotted cravat, link-buttons closing the cuffs of the long sleeves—a brief description that does but inadequate justice to an *ensemble* that rests for its success on superfine quality *crêpe de Chine*, colour, and immaculate workmanship, for there is more than actually meets the eye in these apparently simple jumper-suits.

Equally charming and covetable are the dresses being shown here of printed *crêpe de Chine*, a model with a black ground figured over in shades of rose colour making a particular appeal, this having a deep hem of double rose georgette, the corsage opening, as now so much worn, right down to the waist in front. And this, by the way, is one of the *recherché* frocks that Gooch is bringing out at 6 guineas.

Again, a supremely smart gown is carried out in a pale mulberry reversible marocain, the bright side introduced in curved strappings on the skirt, the front of the bodice opening in a fancy oval over a vest of white pleated georgette, which reappears in a falling collar and insets in the sleeves. A memorandum should be made that the summer sale starts here on Monday, the 28th.

Bathing Suits, Practical and Persuasive

It is a sign of the times that bathing dresses have returned to sense and consistency. To-day our girls, not to be left out of the swim—in a very literal sense—demand that their bathing attire shall conform to the most strenuous exercise. Consequently, the Canadian costume is carrying all before it. Just a trifle glorified, perhaps, in some cases, but without losing any of its practicability. This comprises a tunic with knickers attached, and so put on as one garment.

At Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., there is, as usual, all the latest expressions in fine wool stockinette and silk Milanese. The models are identical in many instances, the only difference being the price, the stockinette suits coming out at 35*s.* 9*d.*, and the Milanese at 98*s.* 6*d.*

The example illustrated is of the former, a design offered in a long range of colours, including jade, navy, cherry, etc., the tunic ornamented with diamond-shaped *appliqués* of black and white, a trimming that is continued up the left side of the front to the shoulder. To go with these suits there are *peignoirs* to match; also rubber caps in many attractive shapes, and as practical as the suits, as may be gathered from the one sketched. These cost 3*s.* 6*d.*; while there are belts, which many elect to wear as a finish to Canadian suits, in any colour at 2*s*

FOR ENGLAND'S SUMMER

The changing moods of Summer make this attractive, yet practical, coat by Andersons, of 37, Queen Victoria St., E.C., indispensable. It is of beautifully tailored rubber-proofed fancy silk. The small hat is to match

IN THE SWIM

The bathing girl of to-day favours the Canadian costume, consisting of tunic with knickers attached. This example, by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, is in stockinette. The *peignoir* and rubber cap fit into the colour scheme

Sketch by Betty Nisbet

What Every English Woman Realises

THIS, quite briefly, is that she must always be prepared for wet weather. The most promising day is apt to turn back on its good intentions, and a smart frock is ruined in the space of a few minutes. And we have had a taste this so-called spring of the vagaries of the English climate; but, nothing daunted, we have carried on with the customary round of out-of-door entertainments, and given much serious thought to protective wraps built on smartly cut lines. A demand that is most emphatically supplied in a model recently designed and made by Anderson, Anderson and Anderson, and shown on the previous page.

Made of rubber-proofed fancy silk, in shades of Saxe, rose, and green, it is guaranteed rain-resisting, while the cost is only 55*s*. Beneath the arms are ventilation eyelet holes, a checked silk lining just covering the back of the shoulders. It is a beautifully built wrap, perfectly tailored, all the seams covered and reinforced by strappings of the material, silk side outwards. Worn as shown, the long sweeping front fastening with four buttons is most elegant, though when required the fronts can be closed to the throat; smart little pull-on hats being provided to match at 7*s*. 6*d*.

As noted specialists of rubber garments of every description, Andersons can always be relied upon to supply the best, their addresses being 37, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4; 58-59, Charing Cross, S.W.1; 16, New Bond Street, W.1; and 190, Sloane Street, S.W.1.

Wardrobes Within Wardrobes

THE young generation will not recall the days when cloth top-boots represented one of the insignias of the well-dressed woman worn with any coloured

DISTINCTION IN CORSETS

An example of one of the large choice of Bien Jolie corsets, in brocade and fancy Milanese. It is procurable from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

gown, but there are still many who are able to look backwards on the sad spectacle as compared with the dressing of to-day.

How fashions have changed! Now the carefully-turned-out woman has a wardrobe of frocks, shoes, gloves, and hats all correlated or tastefully assimilated. She sets aside, moreover, special *lingerie* for special gowns, so that there shall be no discordant note; consequently, everything is beauty and *chic*.

Then, with the same punctiliousness as frocks are planned to meet particular occasions, so are wardrobes of foundation garments acquired—*brassières* and girdles for one type, a corsette for another, a slip-on girdle and bandette for yet a third. Since the well-dressed women to-day realise that just as gowns vary in temperament and fabric, so must foundation garments be designed to suit the disposal of each one—a quest that is ably assisted by the spring and summer range of Bien Jolie models, acceptedly the most carefully-thought-out and executed specimens of corset artistry on the market. Every variety and type of dress are taken into consideration, the ultimate success whereof unquestionably rests on sympathetic foundation figure-forming garments.

The choice supplied by Bien Jolie is exceptionally comprehensive; nevertheless, one and all are procurable from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W., including the example pictured, a corsette that is offered in brocade and fancy Milanese.

The Test of Time and Experience

PERFUMES come and go; are raved about one season and condemned the next; but pure Eau de Cologne, the 4711

(*Continued on page* x)

Smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what the Hystogene Process can do for you.

Do you use Beauty Preparations in the hope of looking younger?

To do so is but waste of time. There are no lotions or pomades which can remove the finger-prints of age. There is no make-up that can really hide the ravages of worry or ill-health.

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The process is safe, painless and permanent and age is no barrier. Enquiries are welcomed and all advice is given free. If you are unable to call, an illustrated brochure, Vol. 7 will be sent post free on application.

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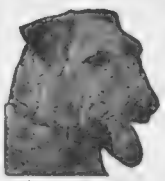

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Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.
37 LOMBARD STREET, E.C. 3

brand in particular, sails serenely on its course, for time has proved this to be what it claims to be; and, notwithstanding some rivalry and the cost of pure spirit, it is still in the forefront, and produced, moreover, at accessible prices. In addition, there is much originality in the manner in which 4711 is put up. Apart from the registered trade mark, there is no mistaking the small watch-shaped flagons at 2*s.* 6*d.*, a larger size coming out at 4*s.* 9*d.*

And what could be cheaper or more desirable than the 4711 vanishing cream in tubes at 1*s.* or pots at 2*s.*? No toilet-table can afford to lack this essential to-day, since it is guaranteed pure and efficacious. Nor yet the bathroom salts, for softening and scenting the water, at 1*s.* 6*d.*, small size—prices that surely compare more than favourably with the many mysterious productions that have no reputation to maintain as has 4711.

AT BOURNVILLE

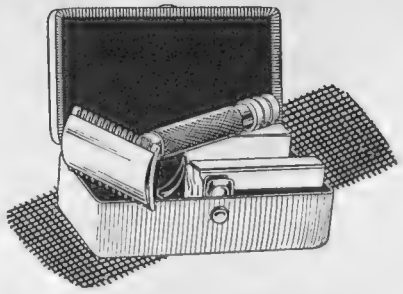
The Australian cricket team photographed at Bournville. They recently paid a visit to the famous factory of Messrs Cadbury Bros. Ltd., which is situated in this garden city

A Dress Problem Solved

There is no need for the wise to discard gowns and frocks just because they are faded and their colour is no longer fashionable. The Eastman service will come to the rescue and clean frocks that are no longer fresh, making them fashionable—look like new. Also frocks can be dyed to the latest shades demanded by Dame Fashion. The "mere male" is equally well catered for by Eastman's, and he will find that their valet service works wonders with his suits. A free brochure may be had on applying to Eastman and Son, Ltd., the London dyers and cleaners, Acton Vale, W.3.

A Free Razor

The proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap are presenting free of charge the beautiful safety razor set illustrated on this page. All one has to do is to collect 36 outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap and twelve flaps from the boxes. When these have been collected send them to Razor Sets, Department 1, Wright, Layman and Umney, Ltd., Southwark, London, S.E.1, and the razor set will be dispatched forthwith. An additional 12 Horton British Sheffield blades can be obtained on receipt of 15 outside wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Application should be made to "British Blades," at the above address.



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On Thursday, July 8th, Messrs. Goddard and Smith are putting up for auction The Warren, Warren Row, near Henley. This attractive medium-sized freehold residence is provided not only with every modern convenience, but has also a magnificent range of modern kennels, with kennelmen's accommodation and every equipment for dog breeding. When it is noted that it is here that the famous Fallowdale breed of Alsatians have their home, no further recommendation is necessary.

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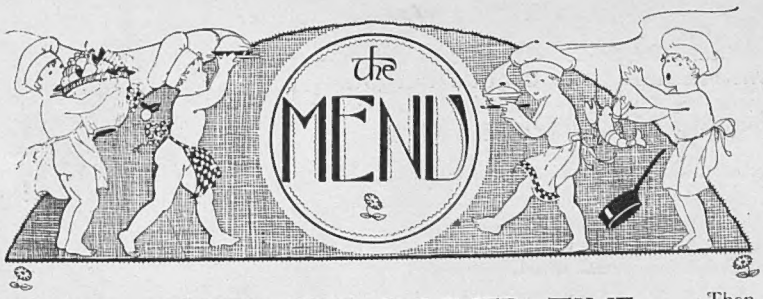

LIGHT DISHES FOR SUMMER TIME

Mousse of Salmon (Iced).
An Entrée of Lobster or Crayfish (Cold).
Grape Fruit Salad.
Lamb Cutlets in Aspic with Peas.
Madras Curry (by request).

Mousse of Salmon (Iced)

Free 1 lb. of cold boiled salmon from skin and bone and pound it well. Then add to it half a pint of hot fish stock which has been stiffened with two leaves of gelatine, add salt and pepper, rub through a sieve. Slightly salt half a pint of cream, then whip it and the fish mixture together. Place in a china *soufflé* dish, smooth the top with a wet knife, and place in a pan of crushed ice for two hours before serving. Serve with cut cucumber.

An Entrée of Lobster or Crayfish (Cold)

Line some small moulds with aspic. Put in pieces of lobster or crayfish, cut small, then some slices of skinned tomatoes. Pound some picked shrimps with butter and enough aspic to make it set. Season well, and fill up the moulds with the mixture, the top layer being aspic. When quite set, turn out and garnish with mustard and cress, and serve with salad.

Grape Fruit Salad

With a silver knife remove the pulp from two or three grape fruit. Place the fruit carefully on the leaves of a cos lettuce, and pour over it a dressing composed of two tablespoonfuls of oil, one of tarragon vinegar, a squeeze of lemon juice, salt and pepper. Mix carefully and serve.

Lamb Cutlets in Aspic with Peas

Braise a piece of best end of neck of lamb with vegetables, herbs, etc., and put on one side till cold. Then divide and trim neatly into cutlets. Have ready dissolved aspic jelly and add to it a teaspoonful of thick mint sauce. Dip the cutlets in this, so that they are thickly covered. Leave till set and serve on a dish of cold peas which have been cooked and laid on ice. Arrange high in the entrée dish and pour over them a mayonnaise sauce.

Madras Curry (by request)

Cut into slices two small onions, and fry in 2 ozs. of butter to a light golden colour. Mix a tablespoonful of curry powder with a teaspoonful of cornflour in the pan with the onions and butter until it is quite smooth; add a breakfastcupful of good stock. Cut up 1 lb. of fresh meat, either beef, mutton, fowl or rabbit, into pieces an inch in size. Put them into the pan with the curry, and let them simmer very gently for an hour, stirring into the sauce a tablespoonful of desiccated coconut and a little chutney. Before serving squeeze in the juice of a lemon. Emilia.

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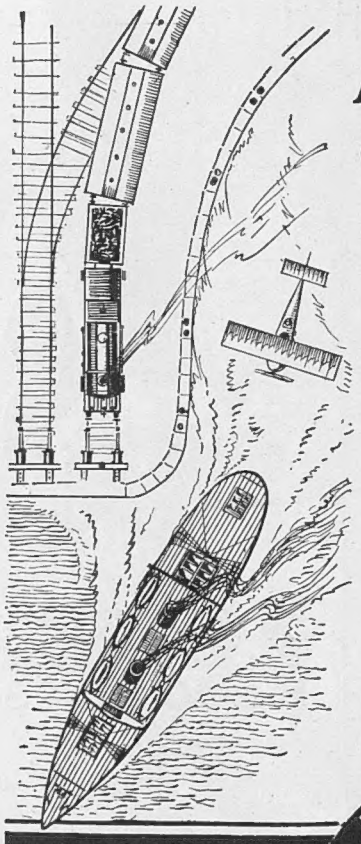

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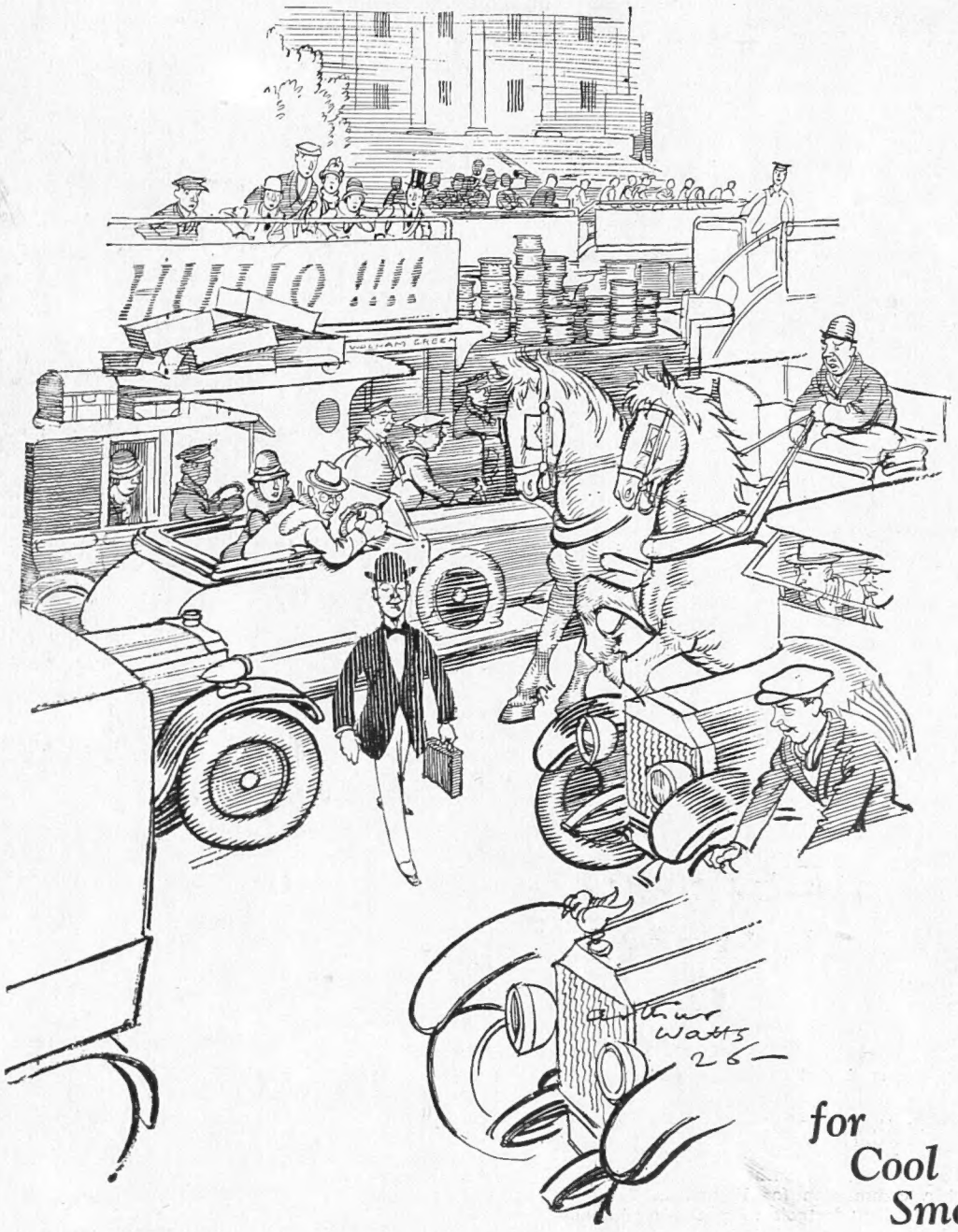

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P. 1326

Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic

A Grand Prix Episode.

Lord Bob: "Now I'm in a devil of a hole! There's not a hope of crossing to Longchamps to-day."

Lady Vi: "What a shame! Then we shan't see the Grand Prix after all our hurry."

Lord Bob: "Frightfully sorry, Vi, but what worries me much more is what I am going to do about the 'monkey' that Peter and his pals entrusted me to put on 'Lemonora' with the 'Mutuel.'"

Sir Edward: "Great Scott, Bob! Why the deuce didn't you see to that before you left?"

Lord Bob: "Well, you see, Ted, neither Peter's man nor mine would accept a commission for French racing, so as we were flying over I undertook to put the 'monkey' on Pari-Mutuel."

Sir Edward: "You are still the same careless 'devil-may-care' Bob. It's lucky I'm with you."

Lord Bob: "Why, can you help me out?"

Sir Edward: "Yes, if we can persuade that little post-office down the road to telephone a wire through to my man 'Duggie.'"

Lord Bob: "But I haven't an account with him."

Sir Edward: "But you surely will after this lesson. Whether it's English or French racing makes no difference; you're always on. That's why I'm so enthusiastic about Duggie!"

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Printed for the Proprietors, GRAPHIC & BYSTANDER, LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6 Paris Garden, Stamford St., London, S.E.1, and published weekly by GRAPHIC & BYSTANDER, LIMITED, at 116-117, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.—June 23, 1926.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents; International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.